

# Divinity

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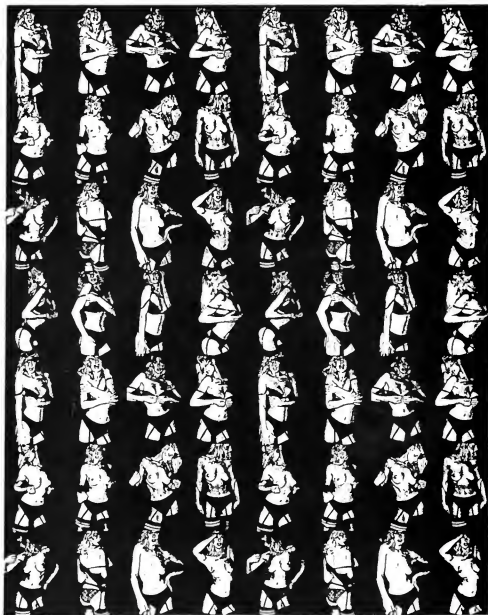


FROM ORGASM TO OBLITERATION



# Divine Press

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Photographer unknown.

From the collection of Steve Ellison

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# SERMON NUMBER ONE FROM ORGASM TO OBLITERATION

by David Flint

I know what you're thinking: what the hell's going on?

It might come as something of a surprise to those of you who read HEADPRESS to find that I'd decided to pack my bags and leave after a mere three issues; that's understandable. On the other hand, if you've read the original version of my editorial in issue three of that particular publication - rejected and rewritten by my partners who found it "too depressing" -, you may well have been half-expecting such a move. In that editorial, I suggested that once HEADPRESS had reached its peak, once producing the magazine became an ordeal rather than a pleasure, and once the personal differences between the three editors became intolerable, then it was time to call it a day.

HEADPRESS may not yet have reached the plateau of its achievement ability - that remains to be seen. But as far as the other two reasons are concerned, the production of issue three was the final straw. For me, there was no satisfaction at all in creating that issue; rather, it was a painful, tense and frustrating affair. While I tried to weather the storm, it became obvious that, for me, the party was most definitely over. My co-editors, on the other hand, seemed - and continue to seem - quite content with the way things are. The result of this difference of opinion was a virtual "freezing out" of yours truly. My actual involvement in putting that issue together was pretty minimal. At times, I felt as though I had already left the organisation... so in the end, it wasn't such a wrench for me to actually do so.

Once it became obvious that my time as a HEADPRESS member was drawing to a close, I had to reconsider my options. It didn't take long. Producing magazines is a disease with which I'm terminally infected; I had no choice but to carry on. And so came DIVINITY.

DIVINITY is based around much the same philosophy as HEADPRESS. No surprise there - after all, that magazine was as much the product of my own desires and interests as anyone else's. It's inevitable, I guess, that people will compare the two magazines. It's a pity, but I don't much care, really. Because while the basic ideas are the same, the style and the content won't be. After all, if we had all thought along exactly the same lines, I'd still be there, right? Making comparisons between the two is pretty pointless... better to do it in a couple of years time. But it's my guess that by then, there'd be only the most superficial similarity between us.

For those of you sitting wondering what the hell HEADPRESS is anyway, your introduction starts here. After all, chances are you've flicked through the pages of DIVINITY and felt disoriented. Good. That's the idea.

Magazines thrive on predictability. Don't believe me? Just take a look at a few. Covers that read like contents pages ("In this issue...") - loud, crass, ugly and simplistic. The contents are little better. Every magazine has a target audience that it aims to satisfy. Every magazine, that is, except DIVINITY.

DIVINITY is aimed at the widest possible audience. That doesn't mean that the magazine needs to be an idealistic void. Rather, it simply re-affirms my intention of producing something that transcends the clichéd categories that bog down most other publications. Something that has no instantly definable field of scope. Something that has no easily categorised readership.

That's the challenge.

DIVINITY is about probing into the hidden sub-culture that lurks quietly beneath the thin façade of normal life. Offering a window into a world gone mad. A roller-coaster ride through Hell - fast, furious and disturbing, but somehow spiritually enhancing. It's an unashamed celebration of raw, untreated psychotic excess pitched against the vanilla fancies of New Age fantasia... examining transgressive media and apocalyptic behaviour across the spectrum of the counter-cultural field. From extremism to eroticism... from the respectable to the indefensible... from orgasm to oblivion... DIVINITY will cover it all.

And this is just the start. Those of us who have worked on this project over the last few months don't intend to simply content ourselves with issuing a magazine four times a year. There are other projects in the pipeline - one-off specials, video releases, multi-media events... the whole bag.

Of course, I can't claim that we'll hit the bulls-eye straight away. DIVINITY will grow, improve and expand as it goes on. That's half the fun of doing it. We're dependent on your inter-activity... after all, why should we be expected to sit here preaching to you without getting any feedback. Look upon this as a forum for discussion - take the opportunity to express yourself, and share your self-expression with us, whether it be written, drawn, photographed, recorded or filmed.

Well, it's almost finished. I've been avoiding finishing this first editorial for ages, because once I finish this, it means that I've finished the first issue of DIVINITY. Not that I don't want to finish, you understand - but it's hard to believe that all this work is finally about to see fruition. The end of modern civilization begins here... Start praying....

# FINAL EXIT: SUICIDE IS PAINLESS by Sal Volatile

"Worldwide the death rate is one per person. FINAL EXIT gives us some important options to this inevitable event"

Richard D.Lamm (governor)



Alongside the recent output of the ever-active US AMOK PRESS and LOOMPANICS gonzoists, this book stands as one of the key apocalyptic texts for the end of the century.

FINAL EXIT is the world's first widely available English language guide to killing yourself, actually meant to be read only by terminally ill mature adults whose sufferings are unbearable, though obviously, the applications are fairly general.

Derek Humphrey set up Hemlock in 1980. An English journalist, he worked for THE SUNDAY TIMES and LA TIMES, helping his first wife to die in 1975 after a long cancer illness. Founding the society to support the principle of terminal patients' right to end their lives and get expert help doing so, he has since been involved in the suicides of other relatives and media comment concerning the exact nature of his motives in promising euthanasia.

This is a vital human rights text, too. Wittgenstein claimed that if suicide was allowed, everything was allowed, and there's a heartening truth to this. Facing up to these types of the definite crisis choices means other areas of voluntary, consensual human activity should follow into acceptance.

The National Hemlock Society (NHS???) made the cover of TIME magazine on the book's launch, putting the issue of mercy-killing and humane voluntary euthanasia firmly on the political agenda. Taking for granted the rightness of being able to make the choice to die if rationally reached, the book examines various key methods of "self-deliverance" (this euphemism is going to become a media buzz-word in the next few years) and concludes with a devastating nuts and bolts guide to the "perfect" suicide technique.

Note that THE FINAL EXIT is totally illegal in the UK. Stateside it's protected by the First Amendment. Giving out verbal euthanasia advice is no-go there as in Britain, but Humphrey has caused a national storm that should eventually hit Britain too. There is a UK equivalent of the Hemlock Society - The Voluntary Euthanasia Society, aka EXIT, but it is a toothless lobby organisation which was

badly stung by the authorities in the early eighties for publishing basic suicide advice.

Whilst the stated aims of the society seem wholly laudable, it's really the blatant approach of the book to death that's going to endear it to counter-culturists and transgressive trippers generally.

For a start, the brilliant long-winded title and eerie blue cover design have a spooky attractiveness that immediately lets you know it's unique. The cracking Hemlock logo ("good life good death") is also a plus!

But undoubtedly it's the practical DIY section which makes most impact. The Book's fascinating drug-tables list the key drugs to O.D. on, and the precise lethal doses to hit eject with. The charts are chilling and tempered only by hilarious chapter headings: "The Cyanide Enigma", "Death Hollywood Style", "Bizarre Wats To Die", "How Do You Get The Magic Pills", "Self Deliverance Via The Plastic Bag" and "A Doctor's Suicide Machine".

Disquietingly, FINAL EXIT is printed in "help me I am blind" type, somehow implicating the reader as already invalidated and in need of help. The earthly "plain" style has an air of dentist waiting-room-magazine neutrality only upended by the black advice sections on why not to gas yourself or take cyanide (apparently very painful); what kind of suicide note to leave (clearly state shy you are taking your life, that you accept sole responsibility and no-one persuaded you) and how to "con" your GP into giving the drugs legally. Interesting point - the majority of US suicides are through gun us, possibly the most awful way to top yourself in terms of all round distress. A national characteristic, perhaps?

For a real hortle however, the rather awkward practice-technique suggested in one of the chapters is a must for conscientious DIVINITY types - the hairiest white-knuckle armchair experience you can have without defying gravity!

Without giving too much away, the thing to aim for, swift self-deliverance wise is, yup you guessed, respiratory acidosis via depression of the respiratory centre together

with lethal cardio/vascular shock. But kids, DON'T, repeat, DON'T try this at home!

Actually, for the more nervously curious reader, a solid chapter of reassurance that suicide FINAL EXIT style is utterly *painless* wouldn't go amiss. And the basic underlying premise of the text ("go for it - this is *your* death") is so unswervingly macho, that a little more focus on the "feminine" aspects of suicide etiquette - settings, letters, dress, posture, etc - should be mandatory.

Still, now that the taboo on suicide has been unequivocally breached, a basis for decent public and legal action may be on the cards this decade - reform could even be a possibility. As Humphrey says: "Personal autonomy concerning one's bodily integrity has take hold of the public imagination".

Can't wait for the video tie-in.

**FINAL EXIT - The Practicalities of Self-Deliverance & Assisted Suicide for the Dying** by Derek Humphrey (National Hemlock Society, 1991)



Derek Humphrey

## THE DAWN OF CREATION by David Flint

Looking around the major book retailers of this country, you could be forgiven for thinking that there are no worthwhile publishing houses in Britain. Anything interesting seems to be either imported directly from the states, or else reprinted - more often than not in a rather substandard way - by some major conglomerate who see the opportunity to cash in on a current fashion. However, things aren't *quite* as bad as they might seem. There are a few intelligent, provocative, adventurous companies about - and Creation Press is at the forefront of intelligent publishing in the UK.

Creation Press was founded in 1989. An off-shoot of Creation Records, they aimed for "the crucifixion of modern literature, and the resurrection of the unbridled imagination". To further this aim, their debut publication was James Havoc's instantly notorious **RAISM**, a wild, dazzling and uncompromising re-interpretation of the life of Satanist and sometime child murderer Gilles de Rais. Both the subject matter and its treatment showed that Creation meant business. Unfortunately, a fatal combination of retailer prudery and bad distribution made the novel rather difficult to find (I finally obtained a copy by getting it free with Havoc's **CHURCH OF RAISM LP**, which is itself now unobtainable). The distribution difficulties continued to dog the company for their next few publications, though thankfully things have now improved. That said, it's still a waste of time to look for these books outside of those shops that either specialise in the esoteric, or else carry everything. And perhaps that isn't such a bad thing, because Creation's subsequent releases were anything but mainstream.

Following **RAISM**, Creation published a heady mixture of classic works and modern writing. **THE BLACK BOOK** was a collection of disturbing "horror" stories that proved that there's still life in the much-maligned genre. Far removed from the traditional vision of turgid, uninspired horror writing, these stories were - as the blurb claimed - "eight visions of Hell". It's horror for the nineties, way beyond the safe traditions of Dracula and Frankenstein, or the 1980's comic-book serial 'killers like Freddy and Jason.

As a complete contrast, Creation then turned to the works of Edgar Allan Poe. While there are many, many volumes published collecting Poe's famous horror stories (usually entitled "Tales of Mystery And Imagination", or something similar),

## The Marquis de Sade



## PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR

his poetry has been generally ignored; a pity, as the work featured in **POEMS: 1827-49** offers more insight into the workings - and, it could be argued, gradual decay - of Poe's mind. The poems here are complimented by bizarre and haunting lithographs from Odilon Redon.

Henry Rollins might be best known as a "rock star" (sic) and spoken word artist, but he's also written a bunch of books, two of which - **BODY BAG** and **THE JACKASS THEORY** - are available from Creation.

These are collections of Rollins' writing, both prose and poetry, and are much more aggressive in style and content than Rollins' live work. Definitely *not* comforting reading.

The next book, Michael Paul Peter's **RED HIEDZ**, is discussed in more detail later. After that came Aaron Williamson's brutal collection of writing, **CATHEDRAL LUNG**. A profoundly deaf performance artist, Williamson's work positively seethes with anger and drips with disturbing

imagery. As with the rest of the Creation catalogue, it's not a comforting read, and requires more commitment from the reader than many would perhaps be prepared to give. But if you *can* give that commitment, then the end result is far more rewarding than much of the easily digested - and instantly forgotten - fare usually on offer.

Creation ended 1991 with a new modernised translation - by Meredith Bodroghy - of De Sade's astonishing **PHILOSOPHY IN THE BOUDOIR**. Little needs to be said about this powerfully erotic, apocalyptic and revolutionary volume, other than that it is an essential purchase.

1991 also saw the appearance of Creation's non-fiction imprint, Annihilation Press, kicked off with the long-awaited re-publication of the scurrilous sixties volume **THE VELVET UNDERGROUND**. It wasn't just the title of Michael Leigh's book that inspired the band of the same name - they were just as taken with his detailed, scandalous expose of the swinging set, read now, Leigh's book is a hilarious, retarded knee-jerk reaction to fairly bland (on the whole) wife-swapping and porno-photo sessions. Leigh tuts disapprovingly throughout, but never flinches from giving us the facts of the matter. The same high moral standards can be found every week in British tabloid exposes.

Extracts from much of this first batch of Creation offerings can be found on the sampler **CEASE TO EXIST**, which came

complete with an audio-cassette featuring work by James Havoc, Michael Paul Peter and others. This might be a little difficult to obtain now, being a limited edition, but the curious might like to make the effort, if only to get a taste of Creation's literary fruits.

1992 looks to be Creation's banner year. The list of up-coming publications is mouth-watering. For a start, there's another volume from Havoc, **SATANSKIN**, described as "twenty adult fairy-tales of twisted imagination". Then, there's the successor to **THE BLACK BOOK**, namely **REDSTAINS**, and - continuing the "classics" series started with the Poe and De Sade volumes - a Havoc-edited collection of 19th century vampire writings, **BLOOD AND ROSES - AN EROGENOUS DISEASE**. And that's just for starters. On the non-fiction side, Annihilation Press are offering a delirious collection, starting with **ED GEIN - PSYCHO**. Author Paul Anthony-Woods promise a whole new look at this seminal figure in the annals of weird true crime, including a detailed study of the whole Gein mythology that has emerged since his arrest. All three of these should be available around the time **DIVINITY 1** hits the streets..

Following that will be the second edition of the essential "occulture" journal, **RAPID EYE**. The first volume was the most essential British publication of the eighties, so this follow-up is eagerly awaited. Also on the release schedule for 1992 is Adele

Olivia Gladwell's **CATAMANIA - THE DISSONANCE OF FEMALE DISSENT**, a long-overdue study of female noise artists such as Lydia Lunch.

Creation have also joined up with esoteric mail order outlet Delectus Books to publish the play of **THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM**, Nick Hedges' theatrical adaptation of De Sade's classic work that was staged at the Battersea Arts Centre in November 1991. Liberally sprinkled with stills from the production, and supplemented by an interview with Hedges, the play sticks remarkably closely to the original novel (far more so than Pasolini's **SALO**, for instance), although obviously it has to dump many of the atrocities detailed in the book. It's a fascinating read - and I usually loathe reading plays - and should serve as a more than adequate consolation for all those people who were unable to catch the actual performances.

The next twelve months are pretty vital to Creation. After all, they're mounting an all-out assault on the senses of the British public, and if the response isn't positive enough, it's hard to see what else they could do, other than pack up or sell out - neither of which is a palatable option. It's hard to believe, though, that this varied and essential collection of titles won't find a willing and appreciative audience. And, hopefully, Creation Press will continue to dazzle, surprise and bewilder readers even more in 1993.



## MIKE PHILBIN: INTERVIEW by David Flint

Mike Philbin is Creation's "artist-in-residence". Under the name Michael Paul Peter, he also wrote the remarkable **RED HIEDZ**, a unique psycho-erotic Bad Trip horror novel. **RED HIEDZ** deals with the rapid descent into hallucinatory Hell of an artist who encounters the enigmatic Jane - a woman unlike any other!

Mike Philbin is 26 years old. His art has been exhibited at the Galerice Erotique "D'Lammereberch" in Amsterdam, as well as here in England, where it caused the same sort of controversy as his later writing would. His future projects - under the new, extended pseudonym of Michael Paul Peter Philbin - include **I, SYLLOGISM**, a re-edited version of the Triple Testimony

trilogy that began with **RED HIEDZ**, and **IXE**, which he describes as "a vile interstellar corpse market for body-hallucinogens, sex machines and holographic time-keys where constant psycho-plasmic therapy is the only legal tender". Wearing his Artist's hat, Philbin will be supplying the art for **RAISM - The Songs Of Gilles De Rais**, a four-part graphic novel reconstruction of Havoc's infamous tome, described by Creation as "a singularly strange work". And on a completely different level, he'll be illustrating **GINGERWORLD**, which marks Creation's debut entry into the childrens market.

I spoke with Philbin about his work towards the end of 1991.

**DIVINITY:** *Tell me about yourself, how you started all this...presumably, the art was the first thing...*

**MIKE PHILBIN:** I'm basically an artist.

*You're obviously quite interested in deconstructing the body.*

Yeah, with feelings, emotions...it's like the physical expression, surreal expression.

*So did the novels arise from the paintings?*

Yeah, it's basically a scam to get the paintings onto covers. It seems to work.

*But how did the idea of RED HEDZ evolve? It's pretty much unlike anything that's gone before. The only thing it seemed at all reminiscent of was a highly sexualised version of VIDEOROME.*

Praise indeed. It's...you see all the images, right, and what you've got to imagine is if those images were a separate world, and Jane comes from that world. And she falls in love with her creator, who is the artist, and tries to teach him all about herself. But they're incompatible, basically. There's love there, but it can't work. The basic idea is that there are two worlds. There's the guy who does the paintings, and there's the painting, which is a separate world. Because it expresses him so much, it's like a separate world taken away from him, which becomes real. It's a nice concept to work on.

*I think the thing that first made me think of VIDEOROME was the dream imagery. You're never really sure where the dreams begin or end. Are you interested in dream imagery?*

Yeah. It's just a nice concept. The whole writing concept of the whole series so far is what happens when that stuff bleeds into real life. How do you cope with it? Even worse than waking up from a nightmare is waking up *into* a nightmare. There's a tribe that believes you die every night, and then you're brought back to life in the morning.

*Dreams are like an alternative reality anyway. Has there been much reaction to the book?*

Apart from people being outraged and saying it's sick and disgusting? The problem I'm getting all the time is that it's an odd mix. They're expecting one thing or another, not the two together. So you come across the attitude that it's too sexual for the body-mutilation crowd, but too physical for the sex crowd.

*What can you tell me about the follow-ups? Are they going to be along the same lines as RED HEDZ?*

Everything's revealed in book three. It's quite a complicated tale. Book two is a lot more violent. A lot more sadistic than RED HEDZ, if you can believe that. RED HEDZ is the romance, SCENTIENT SUITE is just total annihilation throughout the book. The hero is a black homosexual who thinks he's the reborn Christ. He works in the community benefit offices, and he traces everyone who's got an anagram of

the name Judas Iscariot, and wipes them out. But that's a sub-plot, that's not the main story. The Red Head Woman acts as a God-figure, unwillingly. She gets summoned by a parallel universe to be the new messiah.

*Just your everyday tale then. I guess you're not overly concerned about who you upset. After all, religion is still a pretty sacrosanct subject.*

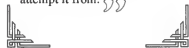
Everything's life. Religion is part of life. You get fanatics in all walks of life.

*You're also doing the RAISM comic book. Is that going to stick to the original novel much?*

What's happened is... it's very dense. It works better as a music piece, it works great as a music piece. THE CHURCH OF RAISM album is a real classic, it works very well. It's even more condensed as a graphic novel - a paragraph will become a line, and it's got all sorts of different angles to attempt it from.



SS THE CHURCH OF RAISM album is a real classic, it works very well. It's even more condensed as a graphic novel - a paragraph will become a line, and it's got all sorts of different angles to attempt it from. SS



*It must be quite challenging to convert something like that.*

It's great, because I get free reign, you see. I just go wild for a bit. I just get the scripts, which is fine - they're more suggestions.

*What gives you the most personal satisfaction? The writing or the art?*

There are already plans to make RED HEDZ into a film.

*Really? It'll be pretty hard to do so.*

It needs to be as real as you can get it, so you need the best effects-men. The best in England have already seen the screenplay and love it.

*Have you written it?*



Yes. So it's just a case of persuading the producer now.

*Have you changed any details of the story for the screen?*

It's just a different media. In the book, certain things you can get away with, but film is just a visual medium, that's it. You've got to put things across as visually as you can.

*In an ideal world, you'd have millions and millions of dollars to shoot whatever you wanted.*

I reckon you can make **RED HEDZ** within the certification limitations for less than ten or twenty million. There's not much scenery - it's only one apartment most of the time.

*It's very intense enough. A lot of people, including the censors, would find something like **RED HEDZ** too disturbing.*

That's the idea. It's like a love story, but in a love story, all you get are a few tears and a plaintive look into the camera. The idea is to try to figurize the emotions - make the emotions visual. It's just your basic Romeo and Juliette really - straccrossed lovers.

*Why write under a pseudonym?*

The problem with modern fiction is that you can tell. You can tell the latest Stephen King, you can tell the latest whatever. The idea in the beginning was to create three

completely different books - different style, different approach, and three different pseudonyms.

*But don't you object to people knowing that they're pseudonyms? Doesn't that defeat the object?*

Well, I believe all the books are going to be released as Michael Paul Peter anyway.

*Would you like to become hugely successful? Or do you think that mainstream success invariably kills off creativity?*

I get very sad when people like Sam Raimi, who's a cracking cult-film director, get \$10 million to make **DARKMAN**, and it's a total waste of time. It's sad. You have to be strong, as to how much water you're gonna take with your imagery or your ideas. You've just got to do a balancing act.

*Presumably, you don't get too much pressure from Creation to conform.*

No, I'm encouraged to be as individual as I

want. The basic line you normally get from editors is "hmm, nice idea, could you trim it down a bit, or maybe expand the thoughts on this one?" With Creation, all you get is "is that as hard as you can make it?"

*Apart from Savoy Books, who are suffering for their sins, nobody else in this country seems willing to go for the jugular.*

You get short story anthologists, and the writers are all American. They're just bringing over the American product and putting it out in England. Since I got into this writing lark, I've been surprised to find out how many authors there are in this country. It's your standard Catch-22 for most professions though, isn't it? You've gotta have experience beforehand, but you can't get the experience because nobody will publish you. They want instant stars. But I think people are really bored reading a straight storyline throughout, where the James Bond type hero is doing this, doing that, gets the girl, saves the day. They like to think a bit more than publishers are giving them credit for. Publishers aren't allowing readers to think, or to question.



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## ED GEIN - PSYCHO!

At last: the definitive book on Ed Gein, the Wisconsin woman-skinner. A weird, nightmarish but true story of grave-robbing, necrophilia, mutilation, cannibalism, murder, and Oedipal right-brain dementia; the story of the woodsman who turned his lonely farmstead into a slaughterhouse for human cattle. With the help of over 20 pages of startling scene-of-crime photographs and rare stills from bizarre cult movies, author Paul Anthony-Woods documents the life and crimes of Ed Gein, examines the psychology which drove him to commit his atrocities and details the legacy of weird film and literature inspired by Gein's legend.

With an introduction by *Lux Interne of The Cramps*.

## ED GEIN - PSYCHO!

by  
Paul Anthony-Woods  
(ISBN 1 871592 21 0)

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# WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN... by Steve K.

The Fan - boring turd or unsung hero? While the real answer to this question could be "who really cares?", I think the time is now ripe to turn the spotlight on this Twentieth Century phenomenon.

Nowadays, the number of fans is legion. They're everywhere. Yet the fan belongs to a particular section of society, one that might loosely be described as the great under-achiever. The modern day fan is no pioneer - he's not a mover or a shaker. He's a follower, nothing more, nothing less. In fact this is one of the prime characteristics of the breed, which in its worst cases manifests itself as a blind and masochistic acceptance of almost anything. You don't believe me....well just think about it. Who buys all the crap merchandise? The Fan. Who buys all the crummy fan mags and regurgitates their platitudes? The Fan. Who casually accepts the second rate drivel handed down to him? You guessed it, the Fan. Why, oh why does the seedy sap do so? Well, the fan is a drone, a worker - an ordinary nose to the grindstone type that needs a dash of excitement in his life. He'd like to be somebody but he never will; he leads a grey life and takes no chances. He needs his brazen idol. God knows, he's tried to live without it, but it's just no good. He needs it because here's everything he'd like to be - fun, charismatic, free-thinking, uninhibited and individual. I guess that's just the way of the world....there's nothing wrong with that - or is there?

On the surface, the Fan appears quite docile, brain-dead and harmless. But if you scratch a little deeper, you uncover a whole nest of vipers. Brain dead - yes. Harmless - never! Despite his seeming normality, the Fan is a closet psycho with some rather nasty tendencies, and it doesn't take much to bring these bubbling to the surface. The psychotic nature of fandom is easily observed if you talk to any die hard fan about his obsessions. For starters, they usually talk about their obsessions as if they are the *only* people who truly understand or appreciate their idol or love object. The Fan lives in a constant state of deep delusion - on the one hand worshipping their idols with a million or so other saps, and on the other hand wanting that idol to belong only to them. if you don't call that mixed up/fucked up, what do you call it?

The archetypal Fan has developed a number of simple strategies to help him deal with this dangerous dilemma. Strategy 1 is easily applied. It is the "I liked them first" approach. How many times have you heard some knee jerk fan declare "I've been into

them for years!", or better still, "Everyone likes Elvira/ Traci Lords/STAR TREK/RED HOT CHILI/ PEPPERS/Trevor and Simon *now!* But I remember when...."



Traci Lords

Strategy 2 is another neat one....find something really obscure and call it your own. This is always a good ploy. Look for something no-one has heard about, and talk about it with gusto; but remember, once it starts getting press, drop it like a hot potato. A neat twist on this is to mumble shit about "the ubiquitous so-and-so..."

Yeah, the Fan - deluded, psychotic...a time-bomb waiting to pop! In fact, the slightest thing could unleash his pent-up venom, and more than a few celebs have suffered at the hands of this seedy monster. Harlan Ellison has had vomit thrown over him, and others have received more indescribable and sinister tortures. Thankfully, most fans manage to keep their psychosis under control - how do they do it?

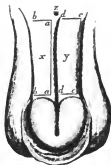
The simplest control mechanism is the tried and tested Immersion in Trivia method. Yes, it's hard facts that keep their minds focused, occupied and away from the dangers of anti-social behaviour. In fact, reference books and biographies like *HALIWEIL'S FILM GUIDE*, *PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA* and Phil Hardy's *AUCURUM FILM ENCYCLOPEDIA* series are all highly therapeutic. They allow the Fan to soak up the facts and keep his mind occupied; by keeping his brain diverted they minimize

the chances of puke throwing, back stabbing and other violent eruptions.

The Golden Age of Fandom is long over. The 1990's Fan is a poor specimen indeed. Would the modern day Fans kill themselves or live a life simply in memory of a dead star? No way, Jose! Truly, times have changed, and it would seem that the modern day Fan believes himself to be more important than the things he worships and appreciates. A sad state of affairs indeed. In the olden days of the twenties and thirties, the Fan was female, and selflessly worshipped at the feet of her idol, rejoicing in the madness and passion of fandom. Nowadays, the Fan is male - and what's worse, there's a hell of a lot of them. The number of male fans has increased dramatically, and these introverted meatheads have nothing but matrix numbers on their minds. Whereas the fans of old were more groin oriented, today's new weedy breed would do anything to avoid the liberating rough 'n' tumble of sex. They lack the outlandish desire and commitment of the fans of yore.

Today's Fans may be more wimpy and less ostentatious than those from the Golden Age, but that still doesn't mean that they should be trifled with. Despite their sheepish exterior and constant regurgitation of cliché-ridden platitudes, they're dangerous and sad. Just rub one up the wrong way and out come the knives and poison-tipped fingernails...ouch! Now that Clive Barker has left for the US, watch the mingy minions turn on him. Dig the tired rhetoric like "I O.D'd on *HELLRAISER*, but..."

Fans, they're sick people; Turkeyes who won't admit their putrid neurosis. Fandom is a curse, not a blessing. The Fan is the modern day leper who carries the sickest virus of them all - complacency! And, like any complacent toe-rag, he's a time-bomb waiting to explode at the wrong place, the wrong time. If you think I'm wrong, watch this space.



## FLAMING CREATURES by Sal Volatile



In the early sixties, **FLAMING CREATURES** set off an almighty establishment backlash against the swarming, US movie-go-round. Though certainly not the only studiously sexually explicit picture of its time, it's the only one ever to be written up in the "Congressional Record" of the American Senate proceedings.

After the national furore over its busts and reputation, it went on to win the Fifth Independent Film Culture Award for its "anarchic liberation of new American cinema with graphic rhythmic power worthy of the best formal cinema."

**FLAMING CREATURES** was filmed over 1962-63, partly on the roofspace of a New York Lower East Side theatre and partly in director Jack Smith's loft. Smith (1932 - 1989) officially released only one other film, called **SCOTCH TAPE**. True to his rabidly flamboyant sensibility however, many other loftspace projects involving film forms would be combined in performances involving records, slides and assorted media. The style and attack of these events had an influence way beyond the meagre resources Smith brought to bear on them. **FLAMING CREATURES** reportedly cost \$300.

**NEWSWEEK**'s gumshoe artscribe of the time claimed: "That movie was so sick I couldn't even get aroused." **PLAYBOY** described it as "a faggoty stag-reel." But the banning of the film at European festivals and the long-running court case concerning the pornographic status of the work made **FLAMING CREATURES** a classic on America's alternative university film-circuit.

For all the crazed right-wing railing against the film, it's actually strangely playful and archly innocent. Basically a cavorting series of transvestite tableaux (shades of the prototype New York Dolls vibes??), the overexposed decaying film stock gives a garish, neither wholly appropriate to the archive orgy decadence depicted.

Like an extended "What The Butler Saw" for gender-groovers, the pantomime cross-dressers indulge in outbursts of ravishment which trigger a mini-earthquake. It's been said that watching **FLAMING CREATURES** is a bit like attending Fatty Arbuckle's infamous career trashing "bottle rape" party - all hideous murk, epicene wobbly cocks and flapping mammaries. An armchair sodomy for pansexualist cine-voyeurs!

But for today's viewer weaned on modern underground fixes like **PINK FLAMINGOS**, **THUNDERCRACK** and **NEKROMANTIK**, the real appeal of **FLAMING CREATURES** is in its flickering old-time period charm - the abandoned sense of confounded erotic prohibition... the heady liquor of filmic license!

despite irregular personal loft showings during its absence from screening, Smith eventually became so angered by the growing illicit reputation of the movie that he withdrew it altogether in the seventies.

How many other influential key sixties pieces could be as well revived is hard to say. But the profits from the ICA's UK art-house distribution will go towards preserving Smith's other esoterica. A major retrospective of his work is planned in early 1994. Whatever, the ICA have scored a minor triumph of restoration with this one, and further loving research could uncover a host of similarly refreshing left-field features. Here's hoping there's a will to do it.

USA 1962. 45 mins; b/w.

Dir: Jack Smith

With: Frances Francine, Mario Montez, Joel Markman

# THE 'DIRTY MAC' BRIGADE: COMPUTER PORN FOR DESKTOP PUBLISHERS?

by Nick Cairns

The last thing I heard on the issue of 'computer pornography' was that the powers that be were willing to tolerate its existence; after all, the image of the computer buff isn't exactly glamorous – he sits at home all day twiddling his joystick in order to reach that orgasmic high score, while the world outside pales into insignificance compared to the lap-top joys of self possession. Pretty harmless people really, unless you start analysing the Freudianisms of computer terminology; hard disk, floppy, RAM, Macintosh, etc – even the term WIMPS ("Windows, Icons, Menus, Pointers") acknowledges the built up sexual frustrations of your average games-obsessed operator only able to relieve himself by hours of on-screen flagellation.

How these types would take **MACPLAYMATE: INTERACTIVE EROTICA FOR THE [Apple] MAC** is another matter. When you spend as many hours a day as me doing desktop publishing there has to be something interesting to look forward to, and besides, such activities really break the ice at business meetings! ("Go for the anal explorer" was the best exclamation – by the irrepressible illuminati of Italian horror cinema John Martin –

during one such call.)

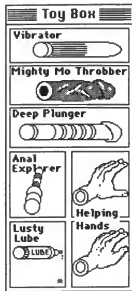
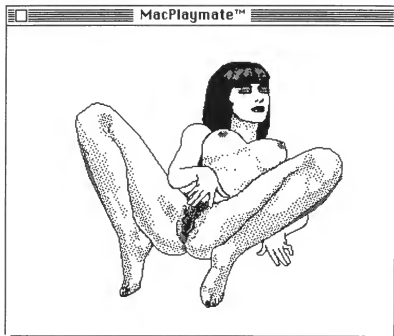
Those who like their computer erotica a bit more involving than the scanned-in 'Playboy Playmate' pictures often hidden away in password-encoded directories on IBM hard disks **MACPLAYMATE** allows you to participate in the action, so to speak, by using the WIMPS environment. A clean mouse and a firm hand is always important; dirty Macs can breed diseases you know! By opening the application you are introduced to Maxie, your MacPlaymate, a rather attractive, sensuous-looking on-screen seductress who lies reposed waiting for you to click the 'Yes', 'No' or 'Uh?' boxes provided in reply to her questions. This first stage involves answering such questions as "Do you think I've got a nice body?" or "Would you like to take my clothes off?"; Answering 'Uh?' will get you nowhere really, you know what you're doing! Answering 'No' will usually get you somewhere – back to the desktop with a curt "You're an asshole! Come back when you grow up!". So the only option left really is to be led into Maxie's sordid den of seduction by clicking 'Yes' to everything, and, since as far as video simulations go this is extremely life-like – for one who hasn't

had such an opportunity for several years anyway – you won't be inclined to say no.

Maxie's invitation to take her clothes off enables you to start making good use of the mouse, to click on various items of apparel in order to unclasp the fair maiden. It's then that the fun starts, when Maxie encourages you to "touch me here", making a few overarm gestures in the direction of her cleavage. Rapid clicking stimulates the labia and nipples sufficiently to enable Maxie to give you a demonstration of some well researched computer frigging, but this activity never really lasts very long after the eager computer operator reads the message "Would you like me to open my toy box?". What would you reply? I've answered 'Yes' every time!

The Toy Box section encourages you to use the WIMPS set-up to the fullest. Like every Macintosh application you have a toolbox and pull down menus offering a host of activities for which the spreadeagled Maxie awaits. The main aim of this section is to drive Maxie into a sexual frenzy – a frantic flapping of the legs and equally frantic tossing of the head. The first menu "Watch me..." enables you to choose six different levels of masturbation which





sends our MacPlaymate into the hand stroking activities of Phase One. The difference in the levels, however, appears only to be in the costumes she wears. The second menu "Costumes" gives you the option of everything from 'nude' to 'full fetish ensemble'; The latter, involving gags and chains may sound enticing but since Maxie can do little but wave her head around it's pretty boring. The third menu "partners" gives you a choice of two in three: Lola, a sultry female partner with a snake-like tongue, Lola with fetish ensemble (more tongues and plenty of leather!) and Melvin, the program's main comic relief, appearing as a hyper-active dwarf-like character with a number 8 pool ball on his head who somehow manages to bring Maxie to a climax within seconds.

For every DTP operator a toolbox is standard with every application, but here the aim of the game is not to draw boxes or place text. These (working) tools are everything a computer simulated nympho could hope for, with toys like Mighty Mo Throbbler, Deep Plunger, Anal Explorer and Lusty Lube (which drips disgustingly and does little else). She's even got a couple of groping Helping Hands!

The object of the tools is to drag each item into place and to find the magical G-spot which sets those legs a flapping. It takes some practice though, but after then you'll find the spot each time you go into it.

There are no high scores, MACPLAYMATE is pure, harmless

naughtiness, though you are warned that excessive use can lead to blindness! Those running this software (or should that be 'hard-ware') at work can relax - in the event that the boss does come in and would rather you be getting on with some work (presuming he/she didn't introduce the program in the first place!) then an innocuous-looking spread-(another Freudianism!) sheet will appear on screen

when you press the 'Panic' button.

MACPLAYMATE is basic good fun, but only available, it seems from the States - for adults only of course!

**MACPLAYMATE: INTERACTIVE  
EROTICA FOR THE MAC**

© Mike Saenz

Available from Pegasus Productions,  
P.O. Box 912, Greenwich, Conn. 06836,  
USA



# THE IMMORAL TALES OF WALERIAN BOROWCZYK

by Toffo Krogus

Walerian Borowczyk was born in Kwilcz, Poland on the 21st of October, 1923.

As a child, Borowczyk was very interested in art, and decided to pursue a career in this field. However, at the age of fifteen, he saw a 16mm film camera in a shop window and, "...it was open, revealing all internal mechanisms, I was spellbound". (Excerpt from an interview he gave to *CINEMA PAPERS* in 1985).

Young Borowczyk bought a 16mm camera and shot a variety of shorts, none of which came to anything. Instead of going to film school, he chose to study at the Academy of Fine Arts in Cracow, where he met Andrzej Wajda (who later went to study at the Lodz Film School). During this time, Borowczyk made some shorts single-handedly. He shot and edited a few shorts which were accompanied by music for personal viewing, and soon realised that film-making wasn't really that hard. At this time, he was still concentrating on painting and lithography (he won Poland's National Prize for his lithography) and mainly earned his living designing posters for Polish films.

At the age of 34, Borowczyk launched his career as an animator, and teamed up with Jan Lenica. The duo made several classic shorts during the years 1955-57, including *STRIPTEASE* and *BYL ZOBIE RAZ (ONCE UPON A TIME...)* both 1957). The Borowczyk/Lenica partnership are still regarded as being amongst the greatest animators of their generation, and rightfully so.

After making his first solo animated film, *SZKOLA (SCHOOL)* in 1958, Borowczyk moved to France to continue his work. It wasn't until 1967 that he made his first live action, full length feature, *THEATRE DE MONSIEUR ET MADAME KABAL*. He continued with *GOTO, L'ILE D'AMOUR (GOTO, ISLAND OF LOVE)* in 1968, and *BLANCHE* in 1971, before gaining wider recognition with the abysmal short, *UNE COLLECTION PARTICULIERE* in 1973. This is simply a collection of sexual devices, artwork and paraphernalia put onto film. The short features the owner of the collection (who, though narrating the film, never shows his face - for obvious reasons) peddling through his assortment of pornographic paintings, statues, ancient dildoes, sex-toys and anything else that fits into the category. The film, because of its subject matter, is painfully interesting throughout its eleven minute running time.

In 1974, Borowczyk made his first erotic classic, the beautiful *CONTES IMMORREUX (IMMORAL TALES)*, which is a compendium of four shorts.

The first segment is basically just a blowjob (if you pardon the expression) performed at a beach by Lise Danvers. The lucky fellow on the receiving end is Fabrice Luchini, who plays Danvers' older cousin. The whole ritual is performed around beautiful scenery, and is accompanied by philosophical statements by Luchini ("at precisely 11.27 I will come in your mouth", he tells Danvers!). Luchini ejaculates exactly when the tide comes in and the first segment ends. This first story reminded me that Borowczyk likes to play around with phallic symbols in his films, so when Danvers stroked a (penis shaped) rock while giving Luchini oral gratification (well, what would you call it?), I wasn't surprised!

The next story chronicles the sexual awakening of a young girl, played by Charlotte Alexandra. After finding a book of forbidden erotica, she masturbates with a cucumber (this scene actually features split second shots of the cucumber penetrating her vagina, and was seen uncut

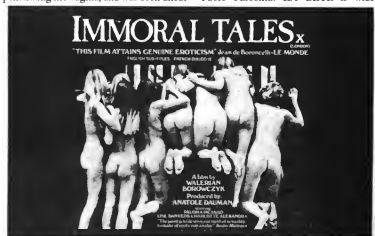


DR JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES

daughter of the notorious expressionist painter, and now a well known jewellery designer and perfume promoter - plays her (short) part as Bathory quite nicely.

The final story is about Lucrezia Borgia, who is played by a young-looking Florence Bellamy. She has sex with her father the Pope, her brother Cesare and her husband in true soft-core fashion. It brings an otherwise great film to a boring conclusion.

*LA BETE (THE BEAST)*, made in 1975, is probably to Borowczyk what *SALO, THE 120 DAYS OF SODOM* is to Pier Paolo Pasolini. *LA BETE* is widely



when shown on Finnish TV in the summer of 1990), and then runs out into a field where she apparently is raped by a passing farmworker - this is the end of the second segment.

Part three is the best known of the four stories in *IMMORAL TALES*, telling the story of Ezreth Bathory. It features the usual sadism, bathing in blood and lesbianism, and the bloody Countess is killed in the end. Paloma Picasso - the

known amongst sleazy movie fans (although uncut English language versions are scarce), because of its rough sex scenes (and the general tone of the film, I guess), which include everything but actual penetration (neglecting the opening scene in which two horses mate in graphic detail). The film is obviously Borowczyk's twisted version of Jean Cocteau's *LA BELLE ET LA BETE*, but naturally, it lacks the "romantic" atmosphere of the original.



Sylvia Kristel in *LA MARGE*

*LA BÊTE* was severely cut when re-released on video in the UK under the moronic title *DEATH'S ECSTASY* (the original release, under the title *THE BEAST*, is also cut, though not quite so badly). Cuts included penetration scenes from the opening scene where the horses mate, the Beast masturbating and ejaculating, and so on. Some softer sex scenes were also shortened. The film has, at least, been released uncut on video in Greece, Holland and most probably France as well. However, all these versions are in French. A subtitled, uncut print is available on 16mm in the UK, and sometimes appears at London's main cult movie theatre, the Scala.

Interestingly enough, *LA BÊTE* starred fellow Fin Sirpa Laine (aka Sirpa/Sira Lane), who's been in several no-budgeters and "erotic" including Astride

Massaccesi's *PAPAYA DEI CARIBI* (1978), Roger Vadim's *CHARLOTTE* (1976) and some Alfonso Bracia films, including *LO BESTIA NELLO SPAZIO* (1973), among others.

In 1976, Borowczyk made the strange (although all of his films are rather strange) *LA MARGE* (*THE STREETWALKER*), which starred Sylvia Kristel as a prostitute, and also featured ex-Warhol stud Joe Dallasandro. The Dutch Kristel played her part as well as you'd expect her to, but I found her more interesting in Just Jacekin's *EMMANUELLE*. The soundtrack of the film lifted excerpts from Pink Floyd's *WISH YOU WERE HERE* LP for good measure.

After making two controversial pictures, *INTERIEUR D'UN CONVENT* (*BEHIND*)

*WALLS/WITHIN THE CLOISTER* - 1977) and *LES HEROINES DU MAL* (*HEROINES OF EVIL/THREE IMMORAL WOMEN* - 1979), Borowczyk returned to the "beast" theme with *DOCTEUR JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES* (*DR JEKYLL AND THE WOMEN/BLOODBATH OF DR JEKYLL/BLOODBATH/THE EXPERIMENT*, and probably a few other re-titles as well!) in 1980. Here, Borowczyk makes a mockery of Stephenson's novel, making Jekyll - played by Udo Kier - anything but a puritan every time he turns into Mr Hyde. The film includes the usual catalogue of masturbation, rape and, in this case, murder, but *DR JEKYLL ET LES FEMMES* is unfortunately far from as good as most of his earlier work, with its pointless sequences of cat and mouse action. I felt constantly reminded of the fact that the viewer is supposed to be a step or two ahead of the cast, and in vain waited for surprise twists that never came. However, some of the sex scenes, filmed with Borowczyk's customary elegance, and the nice sets make it at least a watchable film.

Walerian Borowczyk has been slowing down in his later years - although he brought us *EMMANUELLE 5* in 1986, which was a fair piece though far from vintage quality - and has been content to stay away from the big screen for quite a while now (to my knowledge at least - if anyone knows different, let me know), but personally, I hope we'll get to see more from the man. If nothing else, Borowczyk has at least made a substantial contribution to the film world. Which genre his films belong to, however, remains to be defined.

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Filmography: (s) - Short / (f) - Feature

- 1953 - "Glowa" (s)
- 1954 - "Atelier de Fernand Léger" (s)  
"Photographies Vivantes" (s)
- 1955 - "Jessien" (s)
- 1957 - "Był Sobie Raz" (s) (co-dir with Lenica)  
"Nagrozone Uczucia" (s)  
"Striptease" (s) (co-dir with Lenica)  
"Dni Oswiaty" (s)  
"Sztandar Młodych" (s)
- 1958 - "Dom" (s) (co-dir with Lenica)  
"Szkoła" (s)
- 1959 - "Terra Inconnue" (s)  
"Les Astronautes" (s) (co-dir with Chris Marker)  
"Le Magicien" (s)  
"La Tête" (s)  
"La Foule" (s)  
"La Boîte à musique" (s) (co-dir with Lenica)
- 1961 - "Solitude" (s)
- 1962 - "Le Concert de Monsieur et Madame Kabal" (s)
- 1963 - "L'Encyclopédie de Grand-Maman en 13 Volumes" (s)  
"Holy Smoke" (s)  
"Renaissance" (s)  
"Les Stroboscopes/Magasins du XIXe Siècle" (s)  
"Les Écoles" (s)  
"Les Bibliothèques" (s)  
"La Fille Sage" (s)  
"L'Écriture" (s)  
"Gancia" (s)
- 1964 - "Le Musée" (s)  
"Les Jeux des Anges" (s)  
"Le Petit Poucet" (s)
- 1965 - "Le Dictionnaire de Joachim" (s)  
"A Torrid Summer" (s)
- 1966 - "Rosalié" (s)
- 1967 - "Théâtre de Monsieur et Madame Kabal" (f)  
"Diptyque" (s)  
"Gavotte" (s)
- 1968 - "Goto, L'Île d'Amour" (f)
- 1969 - "Le Phonographe" (s)
- 1971 - "Blanche" (f)
- 1973 - "Une Collection Particulière" (s)
- 1974 - "Contes Immoraux" (f)
- 1975 - "Dzieje Grzechu" (f)  
"La Bête" (f)  
"Brief von Paris" (s)
- 1976 - "La Margé" (f)
- 1977 - "Intérieur d'un Couvent" (f)
- 1979 - "Les Héroïnes du Mal" (f)  
"L'Armoire" (s)  
"Collections Privées" (s)
- 1980 - "Lulu" (f)
- 1981 - "Docteur Jekyll et les Femmes" (f)
- 1984 - "L'Art d'Aimer" (f)
- 1986 - "Emanuelle 5" (f)



BEHIND CONVENT WALLS

# LINGERIE MODEL A GO-GO

A lot has been said and written about Soho over the years. Depending on your viewpoint, it's either a blot on the landscape that should be wiped out, or else it's a once-great sex centre that has sadly degenerated into the ultimate tourist rip-off.

One voice that is rarely heard in the debate about Soho, however, is that of the people who work there. To try and find out just what really goes on, **DIVINITY** sent **Ken Miller** to investigate. He traeked down Lisa, a pretty peep show performer, and spoke to her about her work.

**DIVINITY:** *How would you describe your job?*

**LISA:** Well paid.

*How long have you been performing?*

Two years (laughs).

*Do the shifts vary?*

I work mornings and I work evenings as well. I work eleven 'til six, and sometimes eight 'til twelve.

*Are your bosses okay to work with?*

They vary. Some of them are really loonies, you know. I think that if they stay there (Soho) too long they go off their heads, you know - they don't respect women at all. They're always a bit iffy. They think that they can try it on with you and get away with it.

*Are you paid at the end of every week?*

No, you get paid at the end of the shift. Cash in hand.

*Right then, onto the subject of the punters. What do you think of them?*

They're horrible.

Horrible?

Yeah.

*Do you take any notice of them?*

Not really, I don't know - did at first. I just blank out usually.

*At first did you feel awkward?*

Yeah.

☺☺ [The clients] vary. Some of them are really loonies, you know. I think that if they stay there (Soho) too long they go off their heads, you know - they don't respect women at all. They're always a bit iffy. They think that they can try it on with you and get away with it. ☺☺

*Do you ever feel any compassion towards the punters?*

No! (laughs). Dirty bastards!

*Do you see yourself as doing a service for these people?*

Yeah, I'm doing a service but I don't think I'd speak to them if I met them.

*What do you do between performances?*

If there's nobody in there I just sit and read.

*What do you read?*

(laughs) **WOMAN'S OWN. BEST,** women's magazines.

*Have you formed many friendships within the profession?*

I've lots of friends, oh yes.

*Do you talk shop outside of work?*

Yeah. We talk like: "What a wanker the boss is", or something like that.

*In the movies and in the world of novels, you'd be seen as a very exotic character. Do you feel exotic?*

No. I don't feel like that.

*What about Soho itself, is it so exotic?*

It's not as sleazy as everyone thinks it is, you know. I think a lot of people romanticize about Soho, but it's not as sordid as everyone thinks it is.

*Does your job ever cause problems with relationships?*

That depends on the person.

*Is there jealousy?*

Sometimes. There is at the moment. He doesn't like guys staring at me, but other people - boyfriends - might think it's great - think it's brilliant.

*Does your mum know?*

My mum doesn't really know that it's a job. I say that I work really hard and everything, but she doesn't class it as a job. She knows what I do but isn't bothered about it.

*Do you see your job as a long term thing?*

Well, at the moment, yeah.

*You say that you blank out the punters, but do they ever shout at you?*

Oh yeah. You get a lot of football hooligans coming in - about twenty of them at once. They all scream abuse at you. I'm getting paid for my job, you know, so I can handle it. (laughs).

*Is there any contact at all?*

No, there's no contact at all - it's just like a window.





☺ You get a lot of football hooligans coming in - about twenty of them at once. They all scream abuse at you. I'm getting paid for my job, you know, so I can handle it. (laughs) ☺

Do they try and put things through the window, like addresses?

Sometimes they put paper through, but I just rip them up, I wouldn't answer any of them.

Is it scary in situations like the football hooligan invasions which you mentioned?

Yeah, it's quite scary. They might hit the doorman and you can't do anything, and they start banging on the door, and you start thinking "God, they're gonna come in", you know? But they can't get in.

What's the proper term for your job?

Lingerie model.

Do you get any hassles from the police?

No, we get more hassles from the council because you've got to have a license to play the music that you dance to. What you do, to get around it, is to just walk up and down with your underwear on.

Do you strip down to your underwear?

If you did a striptease in the peep show they wouldn't be allowed to have booths - there'd just be an entrance fee at the door. You wouldn't get as many regulars then.

Do your bosses ever come across substances on the booth floors?

Yeah, you have to clean them up.

So people are ejaculating in there.

Yeah.

Surely these wankers must need more than £1 coin's worth of viewing before they come...

I've had a punter who's put in about £20 worth.

How much time does a £1 coin give you?

About three-quarters of a minute.

Doesn't the boss ever check up on the customers who've been in the booth for a long time?

Sometimes my boss will check when the guy's in there "doing it" and, if he (the boss) is skint he'll fine them £10. He says that, like, if they don't pay £10 he'll get the police and show them what they've done. Sometimes he just leaves them.

Are they all Dirty Old Men?

They're not all old - some are about eighteen, twenty.

Have you ever been bought anything by those punters?

I've been bought presents - chocolates, stockings, which're given to the doorman for me. I don't accept tips.

☺ ...we get more hassles from the council because you've got to have a license to play the music that you dance to. What you do, to get around it, is to just walk up and down with your underwear on. ☺

Is the Hostess Bar scene a rip-off?

They charge guys a bill for two hundred quid and that's just for a cocktail and a hostess. It's a rip-off.

Who runs the places in Soho?

There are a lot of Maltese there, you know, and a lot of Italians, hardly any English. There's one woman who owns a place who's English, and the Raymond Revuebar is English.

After the interview (which took place at her ex-boyfriend's place), Lisa, myself, her ex- and his girlfriend watched a couple of episodes of **BOTTOM** and had a good laugh (*decadent bastards... Ed*). Out of work hours, Lisa (her real name) was wearing a casual polo neck sweater and, though attractive, was not some otherworldly femme as portrayed in cheap novels. It's just a job, after all, after which she can relax with a few friends whilst watching a taped recording of Rik Mayall about to have a wank over a Miss World Contest!



Typesetting???

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# THE FABULOUS MARGARET NOLAN

by Tim Greaves



THE GREAT ST. TRINIANS  
TRAIN ROBBERY

If memory serves me correctly, the first time I laid eyes on Margaret Nolan was at the tender age of about ten. The film was **THE GREAT ST. TRINIANS TRAIN ROBBERY**, and watching her striptease as the Art Mistress is indelibly engraved on my memory, possibly because I found her attractive, more likely because - albeit unrevealing - it was the first form of striptease I'd ever seen.

Yes, I was undoubtedly stirred by the sight of her bountiful tightly-basqued form, yet at that age I doubt if my imagination strayed much beyond what I could actually see on screen, and any notion of her comparatively salacious past certainly wasn't to become known to me until some years later.

It was during the early 1960's that Margaret adopted the modelling name Vicki (often seen as Vicki) Kennedy and appeared in a vast range of men's magazines in nude and semi-nude spreads.

These were the days when nothing below the navel existed and for more 'intimate' shots, the models had to be shaved, the photos then being re-touched before publication to prevent rampant males seeing anything they shouldn't.

During the sixties, long before home video, 8mm films were the only way to see movies in your front room, and there were literally hundreds of 'adult' titles available. Margaret's modelling work led to roles in a range of three or four minute home movies with titles like **FANTASTIQUE**, **TENSIONS** and **THE FABULOUS VICKY KENNEDY**.

Most of these films were basic striptease material, or featured lithe lovelies strolling around a cheap set in the nude, but the occasional title would stand out as something different. Such a short was **THE FOUR POSTER**, shot by and co-starring





Margaret,  
shot by Harrison Marks

Harrison Marks. In a period piece set at an inn, Margaret rents a room and spends the night trying to survive the wiles of the evil landlord (Marks), whose guest room four poster bed is a trick-laden death trap designed specifically for polishing off naked slumbering wenches. It's actually more light-hearted than it sounds, and ends up with the cast bowing to the camera, Margaret turning to reveal the words "The End" stencilled across her buttocks.

Nudist movies were also pretty popular during the sixties (a husband's "innocent" way of watching ladies in the altogether??) and Margaret appeared under her own name alongside a couple of other models of the era, Carol Haynes and Vera Novak, in an

absolutely dire one. Called **IT'S A BARE BARE WORLD**, the advertising copy read: "By ferry up the Thames to a private and secluded nudist camp where two gorgeous nymphs introduce a shy girl member. This film is a real eye-opener to those who wonder what really happens behind the high hedges of a nudist camp." Racy stuff! In actual fact, the Pathe-News style narration and the rather innocuous activities displayed in the film were unlikely to raise temperatures much above zero, and would have been more likely to put potential nudists off than attract them.

A break into mainstream movies came in 1964, in nothing less prestigious than the most famous James Bond film of them all, **GOLDFINGER**. Margaret is first seen in the fantastic credits sequence shot by the late Maurice Binder, painted head to toe in gold paint, with images of 007 projected across the curves of her body. So impressed were the makers, they gave her a small part in the film too; this may have only amounted to half a dozen words and a sharp slap on the backside from Sean Connery, but it was to pave the way for a host of minor film roles in the years ahead.

For Margaret, major league stardom was probably never on the cards, but she continued to work on and off in a variety of movies throughout the sixties and early seventies. Her most substantial screen time can be found in **NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH** and **CARRY ON GIRLS** (she'd appeared in several previous entries in the **CARRY ON...** series, most of which are available very cheaply on home video cassette). In **NO SEX PLEASE...**, she was one half of a call-girl team (the other half being played by seventies starlet Valerie Leon). And in **CARRY ON GIRLS**, she featured prominently as Miss Dairy Queen "Dawn Brakes" (geddit?), the most memorable scene being her cat-fight with **CARRY ON...** regular Barbara Windsor, during which she's forcibly extracted from the confines of a several-sizes-too-small silver bikini.

Television work kept Margaret equally busy during the early seventies. She seemed to turn up in everything that required a busty glamour-puss for the popular celebrities of the day to get excited over, including the likes of **LAST OF THE SUMMER WINE**, **WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE LIKELY LADS**, **CROWN COURT**, **TIE SWEENEY** and **STEPTOE AND SON** (the episode in which Harold takes up amateur dramatics).

After appearing in one of the last of the **CARRY ON...** movies, Margaret was seen less and less. A role in **FOX** on television in the late seventies has been chronicled,



Contact shots from  
**WITCHFINDER GENERAL**

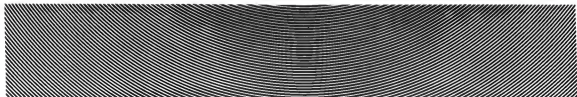
and around this time one or two men's magazines dug up the odd spread of photos from her halcyon days as a model.

Television and film work may have dried up, but she continued to appear in theatrical roles for some time, and today - not surprisingly - apparently wishes not to acknowledge her modelling years. One wonders if she is even aware how sought-after by collectors her magazine spreads and 8mm films actually are.

**FILMOGRAPHY** (possibly incomplete): *GOLDFINGER* (1964); *A HARD DAY'S NIGHT* (1964); *THE BEAUTY JUNGLE* (1965); *CARRY ON COWBOY* (1965); *THE GREAT ST. TRINIAN'S TRAIN ROBBERY* (1965); *WHITE SAVAGES* (1967); *THREE ROOMS IN MANHATTAN* (1967); *WITCHFINDER GENERAL* (1968); *CARRY ON HENRY* (1970); *CARRY ON AT YOUR CONVENIENCE* (1971); *CARRY ON MATRON* (1971); *CARRY ON GIRLS* (1973); *NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH* (1973); *CARRY ON DICK* (1974).



CARRY ON GIRLS



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# A STRANGE KIND OF LUST (Are We All Necrophiles At Heart?)

by Howard Lake

The story goes like this: after her death, the corpse of Norma Jean Baker was removed to a Los Angeles morgue to await autopsy. The night attendant at the morgue in question soon realised that there was an opportunity to pick up a few bucks by permitting any man whose wish was to screw the cadaver at \$10 a pop. Only at the subsequent autopsy did this come to light, when traces of semen were found in the body. Of course, the true tale was suppressed and remains, to this day, little more than rumour. However, it doesn't seem that far-fetched, does it?

After all...would you have done it?

Necrophilia is one of the oldest perversions in history. Legends and myths featuring this act have been recorded throughout history. Caligula was said to have made it one of his favourite pastimes, while the early Egyptians decreed that the corpses of young women should be retained for three days by their families before being passed on to the undertaker, as presumably a three-day-old corpse sauteed in the Nile heat lacks the sexual allure of one a little more fresh. Coming closer to date, we have such famous latter-day necrophiles as Denis Nilsen, Peter Kurten and the Reverend Emyr Owen, sentenced to four years in 1985 after confessing to the violation of male corpses in his charge. For an in-depth look at modern-day necrophilia one should go no further than Karen Greenlee, "the unrepentant necrophile", as featured in *APOCALYPSE CULTURE* (Feral House, 1991), which provides a fascinating insight into this strange form of lust.

But the form of necrophilia we're talking about now is very different. If it has a name, perhaps Iconic Necrophilia suits it best - that weird pre-occupation we have with dead stars, the classic case in point being Marilyn Monroe.

Almost thirty years after her death, Monroe remains one of the most potent sex symbols of latterday Western culture. This is something that goes far beyond her work in the movies. In fact, we might as well ignore Monroe the movie star altogether. After all, everyone else does, as a screening of one of her films has very little to do with the cinema at all - it merely provides us with the tangibility, the opportunity to see in the flesh what we see in our (wet) dreams.

Viewing a Monroe movie, we are somehow closer to actually touching the sacred flesh. We can look, but we cannot touch - the ultimate tease of all. Make no mistake, this is a sexual thing whichever way you look at it; a fetish of our culture. Our admiration of her does not encompass any skill she may have had as an actress - it has nothing to do with that - but it has a whole lot to do with our sexual feelings towards our dead icon...the way in which we imagine ourselves making love to her. Disgusting? Appalling? Or just plain honest? Our culture wants from Monroe exactly the same in death as it wanted from her in life, a desire which, if anything, is more heightened because of her death.



There exists a little-known Franco-Swiss porn film, made in 1985 by Michael Leblanc, entitled *MARILYN MY LOVE*, which takes this bizarre fascination one stage further. In this picture a Monroe lookalike, Olinka Hardmann, plays an actress whose career has been built around her resemblance to the dead star. Essentially, this is little more than an average fuck-film, but the clear selling point is in seeing the physical incarnation of Monroe involved in graphic sex acts. Refer back to the previous paragraph - if we cannot actually see the real Monroe fucking and sucking, a facsimile will suffice - we have become so desperate as a culture that we need these simulacrons in order to fulfil our fantasies by proxy. Witness also the

sensational coverage garnered by the death-by-suicide of another Monroe lookalike, Vicki Lee, and see how excited the tabloid press became, lingering over every little detail, her death becoming a media event only because in life she resembled You Know Who.

But then, what is it like to be a sex symbol? On the one hand, there is the glamour, the fame, the adulation, but the very title *sex symbol* automatically denotes a darker obverse to the glittery coin. There is a strange cultural coyness we have about this - constantly denying any sexual feelings towards these icons. Jayne Mansfield may have convinced herself her legions of male admirers loved her with deep and heartfelt honesty, but did she ever consider the rest? A tattered pinup photo clutched in the sweaty hand of a gas station attendant, his other hand in his lap working nine to the dozen as he fantasised all manner of perversions upon that pneumatic, publicly-owned body. That's the true reward of the sex symbol - fucked every which way by millions daily. Be honest, this is why they existed then, why they had the mantle of fame upon them, and the same is true of our contemporary icons - Tom Cruise and Michelle Pfeiffer may see themselves as artists, but rest assured, in countless bedrooms across the world they are seen in a very different light - one with which they might feel ill-at-ease, were they to ever consider their true role in our culture.

But whether their sexual allure will endure as Monroe's has is a moot point. Whether they will be paid the same homage in death as she or Mansfield or Dean or Elvis is open to speculation. These symbols were, and still are, created for us to enjoy sexually and we may as well be honest about it the way we are honest about full-page beaver spreads in men's magazines. Hollywood is the dream machine - it just steadfastly denies its dreams are wet and we believe it, helping to perpetuate this cultural falsehood for the sake of being able to live more easily with ourselves. In fact, so bereft of ideas has the silver screen become that now we have a situation whereby the numero uno artiste of today is an improbably-muscular mass of sinew named Arnold, for Chrissakes, who freely admits he is no great shakes as an actor and whose movies rely on million dollar special effects rather than such

considerations as plot or character. Arnie is also the most sexless superstar of all time - a man who'd rather shoot off a nipple than kiss it. Come to think of it, Schwarzenegger is the perfect icon for an AIDS generation - all look but don't touch, the sexual energy of his characters redirected towards violence and mayhem.

Of course, the one thing Arnie isn't is passive, which makes him the ultimate turn-off, unlike our dead icons, who couldn't be more passive. That's the supreme attraction of Monroe, Mansfield, Dean or whoever takes your fancy from the roll call of cadavers. They are passivity par excellence - they will never age, their looks preserved like insects in amber for eternity, and so they will never disappoint us by outliving their sell-by date in the way that, say, Bette Davis or Burt Reynolds have. Nothing is less becoming than sex symbols desperately clinging to their virility or pulchritude - the risible sight of Reynolds and his now-famous toupee like some obscure species of South American muskrat perched atop his head is hardly the thing to send his fans into paroxysms of desire. But Marilyn will never age a day beyond the 4th August, 1962, her infantile sexuality that heated the blood then, still as potent today, if not more so as our imaginations can run wild with the image of MM, her body still inviting our lust into eternity because, today as much as then, her whole *raison d'être* is sex - we can comfortably draw a veil over her numerous miscarriages, her mental problems, her whole miserable existence, because the aroma of sex is always stronger than the touch and taste of sex itself.

And we can absorb ourselves in endless debate regarding whether or not Jayne Mansfield blew her iconic status when she stripped off for the bath scene in **PROMISES, PROMISES** (true goddesses never show their flesh - it might prove to be a disappointment), unlike Monroe, whose nude photos came when she was still a mere mortal. And we can wonder of what kind of sickness this necrophiliac desire is symptomatic - a secret longing for straight-forward uncomplex sexual symbols who don't talk back and give perfect sex every time; a desire for the ultimate passive kewpie fuck doll. But we'll find no absolute answers as the answers died along with the questions. What was it like to have sex with Marilyn? We'll never know for sure, but you can bet the guessing won't stop for many a year to come.

# She lived like Marilyn ..and she died like her



Manrae model Kay poses in the style made famous by the star she worshipped

Picture: IAN SPRATT

By **FRANK THORNE** and **MURRAY DAVIES**  
**TOP** model Kay Kent, who made a fortune as a Marilyn Manrae lookalike, has followed her tragic idol to the grave.

The blonde beauty's naked body was found in her bedroom with pills and an empty vodka bottle nearby. Yesterday, police trying to piece together the bizarre suicide riddle discovered

■ Turn to Page 7

# A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN

by David Flint

The first publication from mail order eroticists Delectus Books is a breath-taking piece of work.

**A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN** (subtitled **The Successful Administration of Physical Discipline to Males - by Females!**) was written in 1924 by "a lady" - now thought to be Alice Kerr-Sutherland, an infamous Governess of the time - and was produced in a limited edition of 100 copies. However, before any could reach their intended buyers, they were seized by police, and ordered to be burned as obscene by a magistrate. It was thought that no copies still existed until a solitary edition turned up in 1989, and fell into the eager hands of Delectus. At least, that's the official story. But, whatever the story of this book's disappearance and re-emergence really is, it doesn't alter the fact that it's a classic of sado-masochistic writing.

The book, at face value, is exactly what the title suggests - a "how-to-do-it" guide for women who were in charge of adolescents, and felt the need - as invariably they did at the time - to beat them merelyly whenever they committed the vaguest of offences. It doesn't take a great deal of imagination or insight, though, to realise that the true intention of the writer was to instruct professional dominatrices in the ways of dealing with somewhat bigger boys - that is, adult males. Indeed, the author makes this explicitly clear on a number of occasions, referring to that fact that many "boys" continue to need the discipline of a governess throughout their lives, and that the age that a "young gentleman" is treated as has little relation to his actual years.

Ironically, this "cover-up" would today cause more problems than it solved. Quite rightly, thrashing the living daylight out of children is now looked upon as being a rather questionable method of education by all but the most anally retentive; what's more, the constant abuse (physical, not sexual) of young boys throughout the book's 113 pages, and the accompanying illustrations might cause a knee-jerk reaction from the morally concerned. But again, it is made clear that these are not to be taken literally. As the author herself says at the end of the foreword, "the scenes that illustrate its pages plainly show adolescent culprits. I have arranged this because it is as a naughty boy of fourteen years or less that you must perceive your pupil at all times - and, no less importantly, how he



must be made to see himself."

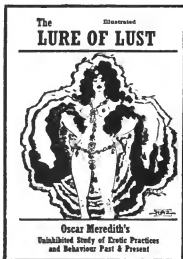
So what of the book itself? Well, it's been described as "a flagellation cookbook", and I can't think of a more appropriate description. It really is an exhaustive guide to female domination, covering every possible angle of behaviour and SM etiquette for the beginner\*. Various chapters cover the degree of punishment to be used for various offences (notably, the author condemns outright cruelty - as defined by cutting the skin, or unnecessary brutality - and has a code of practice ensuring "fair play"), locations for discipline (such as The Punishment Room) and the decor of same, the best position to hold your "victim" in, the weapons to use (her favourite being the birch), and basically everything else you ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask.

But what makes the book so incredible is the unrelenting obsessiveness of the writing. Here is a woman who has made an art out of beating and humiliating. The intensity doesn't let up for a minute, and I found myself having to put it down on a number of occasions, simply to catch my breath. It's that good! In the end, **A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN** is as unrelenting as the "lady" herself, and as such, is probably the most highly recommended piece of esoteric erotica that I've read in a long time.

\*For those of you who, like me, have no particular interest in correcting gentlemen of any age, I'd imagine that you could apply most of the situations to girls as well...but don't forget to ask for permission first!

**A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN: The Successful Administration of Physical Discipline to Males - by Females, by "A Lady" (Delectus Books 1992)**

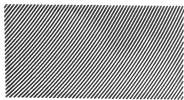
**A GUIDE TO THE CORRECTION OF YOUNG GENTLEMEN** is only available through mail order, priced £19.95. The publishers, Delectus Books, also produce an essential mail order catalogue of erotic literature. The most recent has over sixty pages packed with delights ranging from incredibly rare - and frighteningly expensive - tomes such as **BILDERLEXICON DER EROTIK** (available for a sobering £385), through to



many cheaper exercises in tae, including a fair few Luxor Press collectables. Each item is described concisely, and the catalogue contains a number of choice illustrations, all of which make it a highly desirable item in its own right.

Delectus also produce a slightly smaller "Decadence" catalogue, covering assorted occult, surrealism, gothic and generally odd works from renowned names like Crowley, Spare, Machen and so on.

The catalogues cost £2.00 (\$5.00) for the erotic catalogue and £1.50 (\$5.00) for the decadence volume. Money well spent, I assure you. For ordering details, see the Delectus ad elsewhere in this issue.



# "THE EXCITEMENT OF HUMILIATION, THE JOY OF PAIN, THE PLEASURE OF ABUSE" (Andrea Dworkin - "Pornography: Men Possessing Women") by Trevor Brown



*Kyoko Nakamura in Bondage*

The following reviews are presented as an introduction for a forthcoming feature on SM/Bizarre/Bondage video in Japan and in particular the work of musician/performance artist/film maker Masami Akita of KINBIKEN VIDEO, Tokyo.

Japan's attitude to sex, in *all* its manifestations, is far healthier than our own despite a superficially stricter censorship system. According to SKIN TWO, UK

censorship prohibits the showing of bondage and anything remotely connecting pleasure with pain. The truth is more like no one actually knows what is and what isn't permitted and therefore are unwilling to take any chances. We're governed by self-appointed prurient and puritanical moral guardians rather than by written law. Japan is less fucked up; the rules are simple - do what you want, just don't show any pussy or peckers.

## SEISAN

(Right Brain RB-6,  
1990)

What's your pleasure?

Basically, this film is nothing more than a young Japanese lady, the delectable Yuri Sunohara, committing ritual suicide.

Oh, how so very much the British media and the tabloid press in particular would *love* the existence of "snuff videos" to be true. They persistently ram their newly contrived "evidence" down our throats in the hope we'll eventually swallow it, little realising they've choked us to death. Their unsubstantiated fabrications just get more bizarre, extreme and unbelievable. "Satanic ritual sex abuse and cannibalism of babies", anyone?

But back in the real world this video is perhaps as close as you'll get to the actuality of such material. Where for a few moments at least you wonder if what you are seeing is real. It's not that surprising there's a burgeoning, though now hindered, market for such films in Japan. They take their pleasure very seriously - work hard, play hard - and every eclectic whim must be satisfied. The GUINEA PIG series of films, which depict the abduction and dismemberment of random females, have recently caused concern after American actor Charlie Sheen picked one up, believed it and informed the police. Fool. More disturbing is the case of Tsutomu Miyazaki, a young Nipponese so engrossed in an imaginary world of GUINEA PIG films and kiddie porn it encroached onto his real life with devastating consequences for four small girls.

Thankfully, the only danger in this film is the susceptible taking their own lives - a bit more room on the planet for the rest of us! The tape is getting on for an hour in length and the pace would make a snail on barbiturates look like Nigel Mansell. Which isn't to say it's excessively boring, it just means your brain has to to slip down a number of gears from its usual blithe state of expecting a cheap thrill every fifteen seconds to a more receptive state, which



ultimately repays by intensification of the experience.

Visually it is excellent. The figure kneels centre on a square white sheet on tatami flooring. She is dressed in a short sleeved white dress buttoned down front, under which is a white bra, white panties and white tights. On her head is a white nurse's tiara. So brightly illuminated, she gives off an angelic glow against the background which is thrown into darkness.

The religious aura is further emphasised by the strains of classical music featuring celestial choirs that fades in and out over contrasting pulsing machine tones. It gells imperceptibly well.

The implement of self-immolation is a short blade knife, the handle of which is wrapped in white bandage, and is treated with an almost loving respect by the girl. With slow ritualistic movements the knife is polished, caressed and gazed at. The blade is sensually stroked up her limbs and held to her breast while she silently sobs. Time ceases to have meaning but the slow realisation of its ultimate employment preys heavy on your mind. Drums, gongs, bells and chanting from some street ceremony invade the soundtrack. The nervous anticipation is allowed to increase for almost thirty minutes (!) before it all goes ominously quiet. The girl bares her lower torso and grips the knife tightly, blade point pressed in her left side, before easing it firmly into her body. After such intense suspension, the flow of blood is like a release of the pressure valve, a perverse sexual climax. As the knife is drawn across her abdomen, her entire groin area becomes blood endrenched and a pool forms between her legs like an obscene ultra heavy period. It all gets rather messy from her on and by the end what once was virginal white is deep red.

The film is decidedly uncompromising and extreme, yet paradoxically subtle and beautiful. It eludes greatly to performance art and in particular to the blood orgies of Hermann Nitsch. But of course it has "Made In Japan" stamped all over it - the traditional aesthetic, the intrinsic violence, the minimalist purity. Although there is no sex or anything terribly smutty (discounting the knife symbolism) there's no denying that the film packs a powerful erotic charge. Perhaps I'm just sick.

## KYOKO NAKAMURA IN BONDAGE (Kinbiken Video S-32, 1991)

Kyoko Nakamura is one of Japan's biggest bondage stars and with her performance in this video it's clear to see why. Not much to be gained from attempting comparisons with everyone's favourite bondage idol Betty Page (was she really *that* good?), Nakamura-san is a very different young lady. Sure, she's well built and curved, a plentiful bosom for a Japanese girl, but instead of the happy smile of "the

girl next door" accessibility of Betty Page, Kyoko is sultry, glares meanly and has an attitude problem. Yep, a product of the harsh realities of the nineties rather than your fifties fantasy cheesecake. She's still pretty cute though (not many Japanese girls who aren't!).

This film is approximately 25 minutes long, and, barring a small coda, filmed in real time, entirely in one take with one video camera. There's no actual plot, no dialogue and *no sex*, just Kyoko Nakamura being tied up with rope and left to flounder. Yet it remains an enaging viewing experience.

Bondage has a curious eroticism which is hopeless to define or explain to anyone. It has nothing to do with the naughty bits and the squalid things we used to do under the



SEISAN





*Kyoko Nakamura in Bondage*

bedsheets before AIDS came along. It obviously has more in common with the pain/humiliation games of SM. But for me it's more to do with aesthetics. Of course, many will find it no more sexually arousing than a string of sausages.

Great care has been taken in how this video looks. The simple apartment in which it takes place has been stripped to minimalist perfection. Planes of grey and white uncontaminated by clutter. Kyoko is an eyeful enough in her pink boob tube, black panties, stockings, curtain rail earrings and short skirt fashioned from a bin liner. The Ropemaster (Chimoo Nuteki) is dressed in black and kept out of shot as

much as possible. The camera is trained on the girl, exploring her body, religiously recording her every expression and capturing her wonderfully insolent facial expressions.

It should also be noted that Kyoko never once looks directly towards the camera or acknowledges its presence in any way, increasing the viewer-as-voyeur sensation.

The film opens with Kyoko sitting on a sheet covered sofa smoking a cigarette before it is suddenly whisked from her mouth. Leaving her little time to catch her breath, her arms are quickly and efficiently bound behind her back. Her squirming protests are ineffective as more ropes expertly bind her legs until she's finally left gagged, helpless and packaged like a parcel.

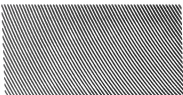
Throughout the proceedings Kyoko struggles, kicks, half mutters insults and stares fixedly at her assailant. The only trappings remaining from regular porno are the heavy gasping and assorted shrieks, squeals and squeaks (for which the Japanese have their own unique vocabulary totally different to Traci Lords et al).

We watch her clumsy efforts to phone for help and gain the attention of passers-by in a busy Tokyo street by struggling out onto the overlooking balcony. She is evidently politely ignored. Like all good Japanese they know better than to interfere in other's affairs. Crawling caterpillar fashion she just makes it to the front door before the rope technician returns (I guess he went to buy

more rope). Pushed back into the apartment and onto the bed, her feet are now trussed up behind her and tits tightly bound. For her impertinence she receives a number of lashes across the buttocks and shoulders with a rubber cat-o'-nine-tails. The camera closes in on her reddened ass. By this point Kyoko's squeals have tired and she's reduced to splutters and gurgles. Finally an extreme close-up of her head limply draped over the end of the bed, dishevelled, sweat soaked hair sticking to her face and a string of saliva drooling from her ballgagged mouth. At last silent and inert.

A slow fade to white before returning some ten or fifteen seconds later for a brief epilogue.

She's sitting in a pool of the ropes she is now relieved of, removing the gag and correcting her clothing. She tugs roughly at an entangled hair clip which is tempestuously flung down on the bed as she glares menacingly with utter disgust. Brilliant!



# PARAMETRIC FORMALISM, ILLOGICAL CINEMA AND THE WIZARD OF GORE

by Ian Kerkhof

## SYNOPSIS

In this unusual film, five women are graphically tortured and murdered in the following ways:

- sawn in half with an electric chainsaw
- brain-spiked with a large steel nail and hammer (followed by extensive eye gouging and brain exhumation)
- pulped by an industrial grind machine force fed a 1.5m long steel sword (two women receive this treatment).

The murders take place in public in front of an audience who are hypnotised each time by Montag The Magnificent into believing that the murder was an illusion. In the penultimate scene Montag performs his act on live television and hypnotises all the viewers. Just before he can burn the attractive female TV journalist, her sports-page boyfriend - who had avoided looking at the screen - bursts in and saves her by throwing Montag himself into the flames. In the final scene, her boyfriend removes his mask and reveals himself to be none other than...Montag!(!?)

## CRITIQUE

A formal device (or defect) which consistently nagged at me was his habit of framing shots with the characters in the lower two thirds of the frame. A significant amount of screen space is thus left unfilled, devoid of compositional information and thus not "working" for the audience. The is most particularly noticeable in his infrequent close-ups - one that recurs is that of Montag staring fixedly into the camera with his eyes virtually resting on the bottom frame line, his tall hat a large black non-space calling attention to itself in a manner that the classical Hollywood, and even classical horror, composition technique never could allow itself to do (without definite diegetical reasons). This particular shot is highlighted by comparison with the close-up of Montag hypnotising the television audience. Here the shot is of his full face, with the eyes in the upper third of the frame - but we are clearly informed that this is the television cameraman's framing choice (the TV monitor frames this close shot) and in the fairly long scene Lewis

returns twice to his close-up choice in brief flashes, as if to say "this is how I do it!".

Perhaps one should not make too much of this slight detail, and I certainly haven't seen enough of his oeuvre to say whether this is a consistent stylistic decision or an occasional aberration, but in this film anyway, it works on a level comparable with any of the examples of parametric cinema as delineated by David Bordwell and Kristin Thompson.\*

Simply put, parametric cinema is a cinema wherein decisions are made based on non-narrative principles. That is a particular shot, or set of shots, or scene etc might be filmed in a way so as not to make "telling the story" the prime reason that decisions were made. For example, instead of choosing to cut to the funny gag in a scene - what would happen in a classically constructed film, thus guiding our attention to the joke and ensuring immediate laughter - Jacques Tati in *PLAYTIME* allows many gags to occur in time and space simultaneously. It is left up to the audience to continually sift through the visual information that is presented them in order to "find" the funny parts. This is a much more demanding, participatory method of cinema and audiences in general find it alienating. Essentially film-makers who use this method are busy delineating various "parameters" of the medium itself. Thus in *PLAYTIME* Tati chooses the parameter "depth of field" and the entire film is an exercise in perception for an audience who need not concern themselves with what the film is "about" - since its obvious level of meaning, "modern city life is alienating", is merely banal.

Bordwell argues for an elite canon of film-makers who have chosen this distinct, intellectual style - Bresson, Dreyer, Godard, and individual films by Mizoguchi, Fassbinder and Renais. These all are film-makers whose work has made a lasting impression on me and for this very reason I became deeply interested in Bordwell's (and his wife Kristin Thompson's) analyses of these films as the notion of parametric cinema seemed to neatly wrap together all my favourite directors, whose work cannot be easily defined or compared thematically or on the level of plot/form. However, my impatience with Bordwell is that he does not stray from

the beaten path of the established "art cinema" for examples of this methodology... thus leaving undiscovered such gems of parametric formalism as the "low compositions" in *THE WIZARD OF GORE*.

Playing an even larger role in the film's creation of a "weird", disconcerting atmosphere is Lewis' editing mechanism in the scenes where the women are tortured and murdered. Here Lewis chooses a non-continuous style, which, in the first two murders at least, does little more than confuse and raise questions of aptitude. However, once the third murder is underway and the shots jump so clearly from Montag killing the woman while she bleeds and screams, to Montag killing the woman while she merely lies quietly without bleeding, and back again etc. etc., it becomes clear that Lewis is not trying to imply temporal veracity in these scenes at all.

What then is he doing? I tried to find an explanation for this editing style in the diegesis. If this use of a-continuity suggested that the hypnotised audiences were seeing the murders without blood at the same time as the murders were actually occurring then everything would make sense. The jumping through time would merely be saying this is what they think is happening while in fact *this* is happening. But this explanation is not satisfactory because, in fact, the audience do see the bloody scenes - this is obvious from their reactions and also in the sense of relief they feel when Montag reveals the undamaged girls to them at the end of the show. Could it simply be that Montag switches the illusion on after the women are dead? This would make the most sense but still wouldn't explain the purpose of the shots showing the tortures and murders taking place without blood or pained reactions from the victims. What on earth are these shots *doing* in the film???

This aspect of Lewis' style strongly reminds me of two examples from the "art" cinema. On the simple level of editing form, the murders in *THE WIZARD OF GORE* strongly resemble the late 1960's experimental films of Frans Zwartjes, in particular *A FAN*. In *A FAN*, a man, sitting on a couch dressed in women's clothing and wearing a wig, fans himself. The

continuous diegetic action - a man fans himself - is rendered atemporal and discontinuous by Zwartjes' camera which is set on and off continually recreating the action so that one's sense that something happens fluidly in time is continually thwarted. This is a method used since the beginning of modernism in the novel, by Gertrude Stein among others and described by her as "beginning again and again", but one which has not gained much ground in the cinema beyond the underground or experimental art films. Zwartjes very clearly was not interested in a film being about something but in film itself. What was unique to the medium and what the medium's possibilities for opening up our perceptions were (are). This process would logically begin by opening up our perceptions of the medium itself. In this sense **A FAN** is "about" the process of registering an event on film, and the possibilities of manipulating our temporal perception of that event. **A FAN** also calls into question a number of assumptions implicit in our learned viewing activity. Who determines that a film should be about something? in whose interests is this drive towards the narrative cinema? Why the dominance of story over form when the medium is so obviously better suited, indeed ideally suited, to non-narrative manipulations??

The inexplicably edited murder sections in **THE WIZARD OF GORE** work for me on the same level as **A FAN**. They bring into question and doubt one's accepted practice of seeing an event happen in time and the inevitable decision of the filmmakers to edit events so as to give the illusion that the events have happened in time. In editing (no pun intended) the

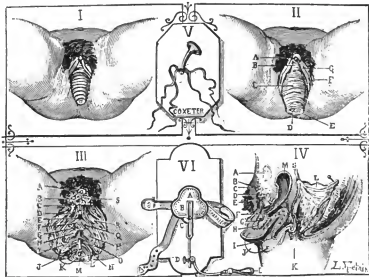
butchery scenes atemporally, indeed "illogically", Lewis foregrounds the illusory nature of continuous editing practices and renders a parametric statement on the nature of the editing illusion itself.

A second level of reference which these scenes evoke in me is comparison with the modernist masterpiece **L'ANNEE DERNIERE A MARIENBAD**, wherein an entire film consists of basically nothing more than the persistent repetition of scenes in which a man tries to convince a woman that they'd had an affair a year before their meeting and that at that meeting they had decided to meet a year later where they now are. The woman pleads ignorance of the meeting. The man continues to add details to their meeting of a year ago but essentially the scenes are repetitions of this basic set up. The perplexing nature of **MARIENBAD** is that we the audience are never sure about what is happening, who is telling the truth, or indeed if there is a "truth" to be found amongst all the machinations. Exactly the same sense of discomfort and unease is achieved by the torture scenes in **THE WIZARD OF GORE**, and what is fascinating is that it is not the cutting and torturing itself that is particularly disconcerting, but in fact Lewis' editing. A marvellous (and as far as I know unequalled) achievement of film form overwhelming narrative content.

My concentration on formal elements in **THE WIZARD OF GORE** is by no means an attempt to underplay the real visual shock that the scenes of disembowment and torture evoke. Cronenberg has called the splatter genre the "cinema of confrontation" and this is very much the case in these scenes. Despite one's

"knowing" that everything is faked, that all the blood is Max Factor, that the entrails belong to sheep and cows, still this explicit butchery sets up a series of sheerly physical reactions - even in an audience of hardened gore fans. Carol J Clover in her important 1987 essay **BODY IIIMSELF** writes that "all that lies between the visible, knowable outside of the body and its secret insides is one thin membrane, protected only by a collective taboo against its violation." The murder scenes in **THE WIZARD OF GORE** serve as a safe and collective transgression of this taboo. Lewis' camera, which registers in loving detail Montag's obsessive playing around with the meat of once-humans, is registering our hidden fantasies, our deepest, most anti-social desires and fears. Incidentally, Lewis is by no means the originator of the "splatter-shot" as such: this distinction must go - to my knowledge - to Kenneth Anger who's 1947 **FIREWORKS** includes a shot of cutting into the body and removing slices and folds of flesh to finally uncover ...a clock! What Lewis reveals is no clock, however; his revelation of the body as meat, of our innermost material fear that there is no soul, that we are indeed mere flesh is painful and powerful, and must have really shocked them in 1970!

\* The first ten minutes of **SCUM OF THE EARTH**, his last "nude", made in 1963 just before the landmark **BLOOD FEAST**, featured four such examples of low framing - enough to warrant determined further investigation.



# THE ADULT CHANNEL by David Flint

During the mid-eighties, when there was much talk of the TV revolution about to hit Britain, it was suggested that amongst the multitude of channels promised to be piped into our homes by cable, there might be an "adult" channel, somewhat akin to the **PLAYBOY** channel in the states. Although such a channel could be equipped with a "blocking" device to prevent children and unsuspecting patrons from being corrupted by the sight of naked bodies, the idea was instantly quashed by the Prime Minister. After all, Margaret Thatcher hadn't spend all her years in office clamping down on freedom of expression in print and on video only to have the "permissive society" creep back in through the back door.

Well, it's now 1992, Thatcher has gone, and it turned out to be satellite, not cable, that became the dominant method of extending your TV choice. And now we have two "adult" channels - **AFTER 12** and **THE ADULT CHANNEL**.

In fact, as anyone with satellite TV knows, sex has always been a major part of the available programming. On the Astra system (the most commonly used), German stations **RTL PLUS**, **SAT 1** and - to a smaller extent - **PRO 7** broadcast soft-core movies and programmes regularly. In fact, **RTL PLUS'** striptease gameshow **TUTTI FRUTTI** is thought to have some of the highest viewing figures for satellite broadcasts in the UK. And various electronics companies did the roaring trade in pirate decoders for the scrambled Dutch channel **FILMNET**, simply because the station broadcasts hard-core porn a couple of times a week. But until now, British based broadcasters have been fairly reluctant to join in. Only a few soft-core films on **SKY MOVIES PLUS** and a couple of raunchy music videos on **LIFESTYLE's** **SATELLITE JUKEBOX** broke the mould. So the market lay wide open.

**AFTER 12** broadcasts on the Eutelsat system, which can only be obtained on Astra with the help of additional equipment. Their output is limited (3 nights a week), includes stuff like sport and comedy, and their adult material is pretty uninspired. The bulk of it seems to be either **BEST OF ELECTRIC BLUE** or edited (we're talking 39 minute running times here) American porn. All their adult output is easily available on video.

Of more interest is the ingeniously named **THE ADULT CHANNEL**. This is an offshoot of the cable broadcaster **HVC**, who have had satellite viewers salivating for



**ELECTRIC BLUE**

years with a nightly mix of adult, action, and horror movies, many of which were unavailable on tape (including "video nasties" like **DON'T GO IN THE WOODS** and Banned-by-the-BBFC shockers like **SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE 2**). When it was announced that **HVC** were going onto Astra, cries of delight were heard across the country. These soon subsided, however, when it was revealed that the Astra broadcasts would be separate to those on cable, and would be "adult only" - the horror and action obscurities being left out. Still, the new channel sounded pretty essential, and so in the interests of research and thinking only of the **DIVINITY** readers, I despatched by £50 annual subscription and waited with baited breath for the broadcasts to begin.

**THE ADULT CHANNEL** broadcasts seven days a week, from midnight to (approximately) four in the morning. The broadcasts are scrambled with the same Videocrypt system used by **BSkyB** on their movie channels, meaning that you need a viewing card, inserted into a decoder, in order to receive the programme. And once you have all this, what do you get?

The broadcasts kick off with a warning that the forthcoming programmes are suitable for the over-eighteens only, and contain sex, nudity and bad language. Tell us something we don't know - this is **THE ADULT CHANNEL**, after all, and it'd be pretty surprising if the afore-mentioned elements weren't there! The viewer is then treated to a teaser trailer showing clips from typical examples of the programmes being shown, together with subscription details. All this is broadcast "clear", but as soon as the first programme begins, the picture is scrambled.

The programming consists of a mixture of erotic entertainment shows and adult movies. The former includes the ever popular **ELECTRIC BLUE** glamour video series. These are shown in their 18 rated version, rather than the uncut R18 editions, and suffer accordingly. That said, they are a considerable improvement over the only other 18 rated **ELECTRIC BLUE** edition that I'd seen (**EB23**), which was quite dreadful. These are at least (mainly) watchable, with some mild but effective criticism on display. Among the better bits seen so far have been a fairly tacky - but nonetheless entertaining - "boob" contest on an Ibiza beach; a report from Tuppy Owens' **SEX MANIACS BALL**; a "day in the life" of overly-endowed model Debee Ashby; and some crudely amusing spoof commercials featuring the wonderful Marie Harper writhing around the kitchen floor covered in cleaning fluid (has to be seen to be appreciated, I guess...).

Similar in essence, though not execution,



**ELECTRIC BLUE**

to **ELECTRIC BLUE** is **CHARMES**, an erotic TV show from France, where they know how to do this sort of thing so well. **CHARMES** is extremely mild sexually, but packs quite a frisson all the same. Consisting of several short vignettes, the show teases the viewer, making him or her use their imagination while exploiting erotic fantasies with consummate skill. It's a tribute to the talent of the makers - and the beauty of the performers - that some segments can refrain from containing any nudity, yet still work on a sexual level. One of the best features is a regular spot

featuring a man being attended by a girl in a shop, salon, etc, who continually gives mouth-watering glimpses of "accidentally" exposed breast, stocking, panties, and so on. It's hardly explicit, yet it expertly plays on our voyeuristic fantasies (and possibly works on an exhibitionist-fantasy level for female viewers).

Also from French TV is **SERIE ROSE**, a collection of thirty minute adaptations from various erotic classics. The only one seen so far has been **LA MANDRAGORA**, an amusing tale of marital infidelity in the middle ages. Reminiscent of vintage Borowczyk and Pasolini's **DECAMERON** and its follow-ups in look, this episode was directed by Harry Kumel, noted auteur of both **DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS** and **MALPERTUIS**, two "horror" film classics from the early seventies. The only let down with **SERIE ROSE** so far is the quite hideous dubbing, which is both flat and inappropriate. But I guess subtitles would be too much to hope for...

Worthy of a brief mention is **WICKED WILLIE**, who has graduated from the printed page to have his own cartoon adventures. It's tired stuff once the novelty of an all-singing, all-dancing erection has worn off - which it tends to do rather quickly.



The movies shown on **THE ADULT CHANNEL** are a mixed bunch, and sometimes stretch the definition of the term "adult" to breaking point. The strangest entry during these first couple of weeks has been the Italian schlock tale **KING OF KONG ISLAND**, which, although gloriously entertaining garbage in its own right, barely contains any nudity, and no sex

at all. The reaction of ardent adult movie enthusiasts who might've sat up all night for this can only be guessed at.

Otherwise, the movies shown have been a mix of softened American hard-core and European soft-core dramas. Among the former have been Dave Friedman's **MATNEE IDOL**, an amusing semi-



THE TUNNEL

remake of his classic **STARLET**, starring (in a "non-participatory" role, of course!) the man himself, and relatively watchable even in this butchered form. More interesting - if only because they contain less material to cut - are Candida Royalle's **Femme Productions**. Seen so far are **THE TUNNEL**, a surreal fantasy, and Annie Sprinkle's **IN SEARCH OF THE ULTIMATE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE**, an auto-biographical study of spiritual sexuality. These "feminist" adult films are produced with care, and are highly recommended even in their soft form.

The Euro-sex includes a few Joe D'Amato dramas like **LUST**, along with other 1980's productions like **INSATIABLE ALICIA** and **THE MARQUIS** and earlier films like the Edwige Fenech/Carroll Baker starrer **VIRGIN WIFE**. Obviously, the artistic and erotic quality of these films varies considerably. While some are probably the BBFC approved prints, it's possible that others - previously unseen here - will be intact. This was definitely the case with **MOBILE-HOME GIRLS**, a French soft-core effort that bordered on hard-core in a number of scenes, and which was considerably longer than the butchered BBFC print available on video.

Dotted amongst these are the oddities - the showing of **KING OF KONG ISLAND** at

least shows that the channel has a fairly loose interpretation of the term "adult", which is good news for fans of exploitation cinema. Even better news is the showing of early seventies Harry Novak films, some of which haven't been available in this country before, and which are stronger than would be allowed with an 18 rating by the video censors. **THE DIRTY MIND OF YOUNG SALLY** was actually refused a BBFC certificate in 1975 (though passed, with cuts, for video a couple of years ago). Bizarrely, the film was subsequently given an AA (over 14 years of age only) rating by the GLC, suggesting that it was either heavily cut, or else the councillors had taken leave of their senses at the time. Like Novak's other soft-core films of the time, this pushes the limits of simulation to breaking point.

Even more interesting than this was the showing of **COUNTRY CUZZINS**. Another Novak opus, this tale of simple farm-folk resembles a smutty version of **THE BEVERLY HILLBILLIES**, and features early seventies sex superstar Rene Bond (a mainstay of Novak films) in a "pivotal" role. With Novak's **EXOTIC DREAMS OF CASANOVA** due to be shown next week as I write, it seems that there's a good chance of more American soft-core classics appearing in the future.

At the moment, **THE ADULT CHANNEL** is still playing it relatively safe. After all, the Independent Television Council, the Broadcasting Standards Council, the government and various self-appointed moral watchdogs will all be avidly tuning in, waiting for an excuse to pull the plug. However, as time goes on, it's likely that the channel will become more daring in its output. Obviously, it will never show hard-core (or at least not unless there's a major change in the law), but it might at least screen - for instance - the uncut **ELECTRIC BLUE** shows.

In any case, the current output is as good as can be hoped for. The soft-core programming sensibly far outnumbers the censored hard-core, and is quite often the stuff that enthusiasts are buying, renting, or watching on the German satellite stations anyway. And if for no other reason than the fact that we finally have a TV station devoted entirely to erotic output - no mean feat in a country like Britain - **THE ADULT CHANNEL** deserves your support.

# NEW AGE EROTIC GODDESS: HYAPATIA LEE

Difficult as it is to believe, it's now two decades since **DEEP THROAT**, **THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES** and **BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR** hammered the final nail into the American censor's coffin and dragged the adult movie out of the gutter and into high-class, mainstream theatres. In the ensuing years since "porno-chic" and critical adulation, the adult film industry has grown in size, but - during the eighties - diminished in artistic quality. Where once the industry strove to maintain a classy and sophisticated image, the wholesale move to video saw a rapid descent down-market, as budgets were slashed and artistic pretensions all but abandoned.

One of the more positive aspects of the video boom, however, has been the arrival of the new breed of porn starlet. Young, smart and sexy, these girls know how to sizzle on screen without getting burned out in the process. What's more, they have a head for business, a healthy respect for their work and a definite idea about where they're going with their lives.

Actresses like Porsche Lynn have churned out over fifty movies, yet remain fresh and healthy. Traci Lords and Ginger Lynn have successfully forged careers outside the hard-core field; successfully enough, in fact, to be able to refuse to even take their tops off if the script doesn't require it.

One of this exciting new breed of starlet is Hyapatia Lee. Sharp, witty and opinionated, she's a rising star in a crowded occupation. In the self-sacrificing tradition of the hard-bitten journalist, **Moose McGill** tracked her down in Los Angeles, where he tried to pin down the secret of becoming the queen of XXX entertainment...

**DIVINITY:** *Let's kick off with some background info. Could you tell me something about your childhood, where you grew up, etc?*

**HYAPATIA LEE:** Sure. I was raised in Indianapolis until I was in my early teens, then we moved to Florida. I was at grade school and high school, then went back to Indiana for high school and college. Around that time I met my husband.

*So when did you move into porn?*

While I was at college I entered a nude contest, and some people asked me if I'd ever consider doing adult movies. I said "no way, are you kidding?". The I thought about it more and more... and I asked a few

actresses like Marilyn Chambers and Seka. I asked them about the insiders point of view, about wanting to make sure it was okay. I heard glowing reports, so I thought "give it a try", and we've lived happily ever after.

*So what was it that made you finally decide that you wanted to get into the business? Was it the money, the independence, the freedom?*

I think the main reason is that I've always wanted to be an actress. I went to New York to audition for Broadway plays, and found that I really got such a casting-couch runaround. You know, "if you sleep with me I can *maybe* get you an audition". Not even the part! So I was kinda frustrated by that horrible N.Y. scene, and when the opportunity to make these movies came up, I found that to me it seemed like "oh wow, a chance to act". Plus, I could explore my own sexuality in a more controlled environment, where I'm saying "I'd like to work with him, or him, or him" - instead of that ugly fat producer over there with a cigar hanging out of his mouth... so I got a lot of fringe benefits.

*What's the average rate of pay for this kind of movie?*

Well, most actresses really start out at \$200 - \$400 a day, and can work their way up from there, depending on their popularity. A lot of the more popular actresses will sign an exclusive contract with one video manufacturer, kind of like the older days of Hollywood when the big stars were signed to one studio. I think that most contract players would get around \$5,000 per movie.

*Are you a contract player?*

Yes, I am. I've been with Visit Video for

about two years now. They have several ladies under contract. They're probably the number one company - there's twenty per cent more money spent on their projects.

*So it's not just the cheap shot-on-video stuff like we get in Britain then?*

Some of it is, some of it is. Then occasionally you get the extra money to do something that's really nice. I just completed a movie called **THE MASSEUSE**, which in this business is an exception to the rule; it took five days to shoot, and instead of a \$7 - 10,000 budget, we had about \$60,000.

*What's your favourite of the films you've worked on?*

Well, I'd have to say **THE CROSS**, and the one that I completed last year, **THE MASSEUSE**... and one I did called **THE RIBALD TALES OF CANTERBURY**.

*How many films have you appeared in over the past five years?*

I've made a total of twenty-seven, which really isn't much. Most actresses will do like fifty to seventy-five films a years. Most of the time I've been in the business, I've been under contract. When you're under contract, you don't do as many projects, because you're working for that one company.

*How many months a year do you work?*

What I'll generally do is, I'll shoot a movie about every two to three months. Then I'll go back to Indiana and relax for two weeks, then I'll go on the road dancing, and I might dance for two to three, or maybe four weeks in a row at the most. Then I'll come back and have two weeks or a month off. Then



...most actresses really start out at \$200 - \$400 a day, and can work their way up from there, depending on their popularity. A lot of the more popular actresses will sign an exclusive contract with one video manufacturer, kind of like the older days of Hollywood when the big stars were signed to one studio. I think that most contract players would get around \$5,000 per movie.



I'll go out and shoot a movie.

have you won any Adult Film Awards?

Yes I have, a number of them. I'm a member of the ABN Hall of Fame. And I won the Best Actress of the Year award for my role in *TIE MASSEUSE*. And I've got a couple of girl-girl scenes.

Is there a lot of competition to get into adult films?

Well... no, a lot of times I go to different clubs, I'll meet different ladies who want to go into the business. It seems at every club there's half a dozen at least that want to start making movies. Usually I'll give them the names of a few people and see if they can get themselves out to Los Angeles, and if they're serious enough to pick up the phone, call an agent, send off the pictures and stuff. It's pretty much open to anybody who wants to. As far as a competitive atmosphere though, I'd have to say most of the talent in the business are very receptive to newcomers and very nice to them. We try to take them under our wing and show them how not to get taken advantage of and what to do. Porsche Lynn, Nina Hartley and Angel Kelly actually have started an organisation, the Pink Ladies Social Club, and what it does is provide a newsletter and meetings; everyone kind of keeps in touch, the performers in the business, females in particular. And to know who's bad to work

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for, who's good to work for. It's like a pre-university type thing.

Have you seen any of those *MANHATTAN CABLE* programmes with ex-porn stars?

Yes I have, I've been on *TIE ROBIN BYRD SHOW* a number of times, she's a good friend of mine. I met her about seven years ago. I've been in the business about seven years, and the first movie opened in



New York, and Robin was there with her camera.

In adult films, it seems that women have shorter careers than men.

That's true. I think mostly you'll find a greater turnaround with actresses. They stay a year or two, mainly to see if they like it. Perhaps they don't, or their husband or boyfriend is jealous, so they decide they want to do something different. Whereas men, once they can manage to perform on camera, that's the hard part. I think once they find an actor who can really do it, he's pleased and he sticks with it.

I think any guy that can do that is probably a bit of a freak.

It's a possibility. I don't know. I think you have to be very much in control of yourself - so that you can put your mind to something - you know, your mind is the biggest sex organ. You've got to be able to do it while everyone else is running around, moving things and yelling at each other.

A sort of *Lights, Camera, Hard-On!* In Britain, you're most famous for selling your panties through the post. Do you still do that? And what other fun stuff do you do?

You mean with the fan clubs. Oh God. I have two videos, I like to put personal touches in writing letters, letting them know through a newsletter what's going on. I have

several bits of erotica on audio cassette, which are like fantasies. Then I have a few bits of clothing that I've worn in a particular movie, sometimes I auction those.

Do you still do a dance act and perform at clubs?

Oh yes, I sure do, I do that a lot. I love to dance, and I love to strip in front of men, it's very exciting. And I like meeting the different people, the different fans that watch those movies, and I try to get an idea of what kind of thing they're looking for, and what frustrates them about the way these films are... then maybe we can change these things for the better.

Maybe you can tell us about your favourite dance routine.

Well, I have several... it's hard to pick a favourite. I have one where I'm a pyromaniac - I use fire, set myself on fire... an old chemistry trick from high school, it's very safe. I light my whole skin with fire, I play with torches - pick the fire out of this bowl and rub it on my breasts.

I understand Porsche Lynn does a "Question and Answer" session at the end of her show. Do you do anything like that?

Yes I do. I think most of the acts do. It's pretty much required by most of the clubs to do it, and it's kind of nice - it opens up a rapport with the audience, lets them know



that you can talk. You know, it's a good way to break the ice. After the show, we generally go to one section of the club and take polaroids of the customers, sign autographs, answer questions in a more private area. In a way that kind of lets everyone know that they can relax, you can be talked to... you're not going to be a bitch or anything.

*What's the strangest question that you've been asked?*

That's a tough one! I guess... most of the questions are pretty standard. You know - who do I like to work with, have you ever made it with John Holmes... I'd have to say the strangest is something like have I ever been into SM, or have I ever done any kind of weird kinky things!

*So who are your favourite stars in this business?*

Well, as far as men go, I like Randy Spiers, Randy West, John Doe, oh yes, Tommy Byron.... don't forget Tommy Byron, he's a favourite too! And ladies of course like Porsche, she and I get along quite well... and Nina Hartley, Barbara Spear...

*How did you meet Porsche Lynn?*

After I made a couple of movies, I went around on the circuit doing my strip act, and Porsche was dancing at one of the places I went to. And she's also a good friend of the girlfriend of one of the men who helped me get into the business. I think it was a natural progression for her to go ahead and get into movies as well. Wow, I think I've known her for about seven or eight years!

*Have you ever met Traci Lords?*

yes, I have. I've worked with her at a couple of conventions. And she always struck me as a quiet person. Very nice, beautiful... I can't say anything negative about her. But very quiet and withdrawn really.

*Would you like to cross over into mainstream movies at some point, like she did?*

Yes, I would up to a point. I don't want to do any of the violent things, you know, any of the explicit murder scenes - TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, you know, those kind of movies. I think sex is much healthier to explore explicitly than violence is. I feel much healthier being made love to on camera, more than I do being murdered or something gross. It's kind of

hypocritical, when it's perfectly legal for me to make love to someone, and perfectly illegal for me to kill that person, yet I can portray that sort of violence on camera. It's sick really.

*The adult movie situation in Britain is pretty dreadful, but we hear various conflicting reports of a clampdown - or at least an attempted clampdown - taking place in the States. Is censorship in America getting tighter?*

Definitely. They are starting at the grassroots basis. What they're doing is - the law in America says that it has to be obscene according to community standards. So if you get twelve people on a jury in New York City, it's hard to find anything they can agree upon as obscene. But if you get twelve people in a small town in the Midwest, they are going to say anything is obscene. Or at least the odds are greater that they would. So that's what the government's trying to do - you know, challenge these movies in the small towns, where it can get an obscenity charge against it very easily. But it's really harming our video companies, the manufacturers have to spend a lot of money on lawyers. And that's one of the reasons why our product isn't able to improve itself. It used to be that they would harass us for scenes that were a little off-beat, you know, something completely different than maybe the normal husband and wife would ever do in a bedroom during normal sex in the missionary position, and they can still get an obscenity charge against them. It's very, very eerie. In this country, there's so many problems here! Traffic problems, murder, drugs, all that kind of stuff. For them to go after people making love in movies is a real big waste of my money as a taxpayer. It really pisses me off. The government's afraid to go after the people with the guns, the people who will fight back. They just prefer to pick on people like us, who are just trying to make a decent living making erotica.

*What do you think are the worst things about working in the adult film business?*

Well, the worst thing is the threat of AIDS. That's a very disturbing thing, and something we try to take precautions against. Since John Holmes died of AIDS, there's been fears that it could spread like wildfire. Indeed it could. Everyone's being careful.

*Are there any other practicalities that make filming difficult or uncomfortable?*

Well I get off on the audience being there, I really find it exciting, just the camera and the people there. To me, I'm an exhibitionist, and that part turns me on. I have to say that the only downside of the business is out in public where some people aren't so liberal of mind, and they have this stereotype against you; you're kind of looked down upon in certain circles. You can be put on a pedestal too, so I guess it runs both ways, it's very hypocritical.

*It seems you work pretty hard for your money. What do you think?*

Yes and no. When I go back to Indiana, our neighbour works at a General Motors plant and he works forty hours a week and comes home with three hundred dollars, and I go out dancing on the road and come back with eight thousand dollars. I think, well, not bad. The thing is, I can't do this forever, I can only do it to a certain age.

*How do you work at keeping your figure and good looks?*

Oh, constant diet (laughs). Basically, I'm a health food nut, not that I like bean sprouts that much, but I know they're good for you. I take lots of vitamins and exercise. I think that's very healthy.

*What kind of things do you do to relax?*

I like to get away - we have a small farm in Southern Indiana, which is really in the middle of nowhere. It has a gravel road, we have thirty acres there. Our neighbours are cows and tobacco farmers. We like to get away there and relax. I have a Tee-Pee in the apartment - I like to pack it, it's in the tradition, an old custom.

*Were your grandparents part Indian?*

Yes, my mother is a full blooded Cherokee, and my father's half Cherokee and half Irish. So I'm actually three-quarter Indian.





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# SINS OF THE FLESH

SINS OF THE FLESH...the squalid sex-filled low-budget classics of the hidden cinema. For too long, these tacky, trashy and unsavoury movies have gone unrecorded, unremembered, and unloved. This regular column intends to go some way towards putting that right. Here, for your delectation, are a handful of overviews on some of the most curious sex films in the world...

## DR.SEX

One of the delights in watching the nudie-cutie films of the early sixties is the pretty whacked-out plot devices that they often came up with as an excuse to have various young women disrobe...and **DR SEX** is a prime example that's well worth making an appointment to see.

With it's washed out colour and jumpy print, this 1964 obscurity might seem to have little going for it. But it has a sense of fun, absurdity and innocence that more than compensate for such relatively minor technical difficulties.

The film kicks into top gear from the start, opening to some wild narration ranting about the subconscious torment of sex that surrounds us at all times. The narrator sets the tone of the film by explaining that "we choose to expose the problem of confusing sex and psychoanalytical problems with satire". So relax - you're *supposed* to be laughing at this one.

Dr Sex - a deliriously unhinged psychiatrist with a Bela Lugosi accent - takes us through various case histories as he discusses his proposed new book on psycho-sexual disturbance with associates Dr Lovejoy and Dr Schmutz. For example: there's the patient who hides under a bed and watches a girl undress. She strips down to her sexy undies, struts about a bit, then takes the rest off and runs a bath. All the while the camera is playing on the viewer's voyeuristic instincts - we are the peeper (who is unseen). The 'twist' is hinted at in the peeper's narration, as he claims "I was gnashing my teeth like a German Shepherd - I could hardly wait". Sure enough, the voyeur turns out to be the woman's pet poodle, who pleads, "do you understand my problem now doctor? I must become a man!"

The next story pre-dates **MANNEQUIN** by over twenty years, offering the rather touching tale of a window dresser who believes his shop window dummies to be real women. To cure his 'hallucinations',

Dr Lovejoy has him first strip a dummy, then undress the doctor himself, to see the difference. Indeed he does. He sees Dr Lovejoy as a mannequin...

Like most nudies, **DR SEX** is pretty dull in parts, and the biggest letdown comes in the next segment, which deals with a girl who is an incorrigible exhibitionist, and becomes first an artist's model, then a stripper. It's extremely dull stuff. Things improve in the final segment though, when the supernatural makes an appearance. A man's house is haunted - by naked women! Nude female ghosts do all his housework! The problem is that he can't touch them - when he tries, they disappear. Dr Sex's answer to this vexing difficulty is for the man to sell the house. And to who? Why, to Dr Sex...

As Lovejoy and Schmutz watch incredulously, Dr Sex 'introduces' the ghosts to his guests...but they see nothing. Is Dr Sex mad? Dr Schmutz certainly thinks so, but then what does he know? He's just changed into a poodle...

DAVID FLINT

## TWISTED SEX Vol. 1 - 3 THE LAUGHING, LEERING, LAMPPOONING LURES OF DAVID F. FRIEDMAN

Trailers...don't you just love 'em? These three minute slices of hard-sell are often more entertaining than the full film, and, when promoting low budget movies, often approach the level of becoming a work of art in their own right. Now, Something Weird Video have compiled four new collections of the very best in low-brow

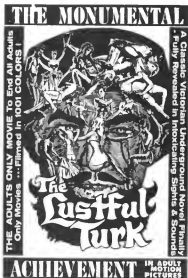


prevues.

**TWISTED SEX** collects a staggering collection of trailers from "the sick sick sixties". Over three volumes, these tapes offer a shocking collection of films that could never be made today. Although the sex content is pretty soft, the sleaze quota is incredible. Each trailer is crammed with depravity...sin, drug abuse, rape, prostitution, murder, torture - it's all here. Some of the trailers are truly eye-opening. For example, there's **CENSORED**, which purports to be a collection of forbidden footage, including extreme splatter movie style gore. **OLGA'S GIRLS** and its sequels are nothing less than a sixties equivalent of the **ILSA** films, with a glut of torture and brutality packed into the three trailers. But the most shocking film promoted here is **RAVAGED**. This seems to be a **LOVE CAMP 7** style Nazi exploitation movie, tasteless enough in itself for sure... but the real jaw-dropper comes when the trailer suddenly cuts into *actual death camp footage*. Quite what reaction this must have caused amongst the audiences at the time can only be imagined...

These tapes offer a crash course education in one of the most under-examined periods of the most under-examined genre in film. You'll sit agog at the ads for movies like **THE WEIRD LOVE MAKERS**, **THE DIARY OF KNOCKERS McALLA**, **THE RAPE KILLER** and **JUSTINE - EROTIC EXCITEMENT OF EVIL**...there's everything from nudist movies to grim "roughies"...porno movies to sex-education...acid movies to filipino skin-flicks.

The only things missing from **TWISTED SEX** are the films of David F. Friedman.



And that's because they're compiled on a tape of their very own. **THE LAUGHING, LEERING, LAMPOONING LURES OF DAVID F. FRIEDMAN** collects the bulk of his classic prevues together in one sin-soaked package. Friedman used to put together the trailers to his films personally, and his unique style is stamped across them all. The narration - packed with double entendres - is almost biblical in its approach. Close your eyes and you'd think the film being promoted was a majorepic. A number of the trailers contain "behind-the-scenes" footage...and all are *extremely* tongue in cheek.

The films themselves range from sixties "roughies" like **THE DEFILERS** and **LOVE CAMP 7** (the latter being a mini epic), through to rather more explicitly sexual - though far less violent - early seventies efforts like **THE ADULT**



**VERSION OF JEKYLL AND HYDE** and **THE LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED**. More so even than **TWISTED SEX**, this tape is like a history lesson in adult cinema.

Missing from the tape are Friedman's early nudies, and his later hard-core productions. Let's hope that these will turn up on a later volume. Meanwhile, anyone with a love of sensationalist trailers - and that should be anyone with a love of movies - or eager to find out more about the secret world of the sixties sex film, is advised to check all four volumes out.

DAVID FLINT

## ZETA ONE

I must confess that I was first attracted to this rather bizarre little film by the presence of my favourite "Hammer" girl Yutte Stensgaard. She made all too few movies in her short acting career, and this is probably one of the strangest.

It begins as special agent James Word (Robin Hawdon) arrives home from his latest mission to find Ann Olsen (Yutte) waiting to debrief him. They hop into bed together and Word recounts his experiences to her in a series of flashbacks. Seems that his boss Major Bourdon (James Robertson



Brigitte Skoy in **ZETA ONE**

Justice) has been trying to get evidence to prove the existence of a race of luscious female beings from another dimension. Called Angvians, they're ruled by Zeta (Dawn Adams). After one of their number is eventually caught and tortured by Bourdon, the Angvians come to Earth in force to destroy those who threaten to expose their secret world. It transpires that Word now has in his possession the only photograph of them, but the tables are turned when it is revealed that Miss Olsen is in fact an Angvian herself, sent to seduce him and recover the evidence; deciding he knows too much, she drugs Word and returns with both him and the photo. As the film closes, Word looks set to live out the rest of his days servicing the needs of the lusty maidens of Angvia. For some reason he doesn't seem too worried about his fate.

Seemingly never too sure about what he's aiming for, director Michael Cort turns **ZETA ONE** into an uneasy blend of

science fiction, tongue-in-cheek thriller and sex-comedy. But at the end of the day it's little more than an excuse for a flesh show, though what delightful flesh there is to see. Miss Stensgaard, previously having revealed her splendid breasts in **LUST FOR A VAMPIRE** and **BURKE AND HARE** spends 90% of her screen time here without clothes, and even treats the viewer to some brief, but nonetheless sensational full frontal nudity. Valerie Leon, whose roles in so many films during the late sixties and early seventies are memorable for the fact that she had such a gloriously full bosom but never actually revealed it, comes the closest to nudity that she ever has; her scenes running around the woods in little more than a pair of purple panties have to be seen to be believed.

Aside from the nubile ladies on display, the film is also distinctive for its placing of a recognisable cast into rather uncharacteristic situations (I still haven't

quite got over the sight of those luminaries of British comedy, James Robertson Justice and Charles Hawtrey, leering over a half-naked Angvian girl strapped to a torture rack).

Taking all this into consideration, you'd think you had the recipe for a sure-fire "must see", right? Well, to a point yes, but there is a flaw. Although nubile women from another dimension are always worth a look, and the final battle sequences are well worth persevering for, **ZETA ONE** suffers from one of the greatest of all film crimes...it's unforgivably slow! And you know it's going that way when the first fifteen minutes alone revolve slowly around getting Hawdon and Stensgaard into bed; believe me, fifteen minutes of film never seemed longer than it does here! The cast, particularly Hawdon, seem to spend most of the film looking a little bemused and at the end of the day, you can hardly blame them.

It's really no surprise that **ZETA ONE** didn't make much of an impact upon its release in 1970 and, it would seem, attracted even less interest when it surfaced briefly on video in 1980. Which is a pity really because, despite its lack of pace, it is fun to watch and it would be nice to see it enjoying some sort of cult status on sell-through video.

In America it appeared as **THE LOVE FACTOR** and was recently spotted as being on tape there under the title **ALIEN WOMEN**.

TIM GREAVES

## 3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT

Tommy Noonan seemed to have a personal mission to co-star with as many flitties sex goddesses as he could manage. Some ten years after playing opposite Marilyn Monroe in **GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES**, he co-wrote, produced and starred in **PROMISES, PROMISES**, a somewhat bland comedy that's best known for having a handful of topless scenes featuring Jayne Mansfield. To follow up the success of that film, he wrote, produced, directed and starred alongside Mamie Van Doren in another "adults only" film, **3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT** - so we know exactly who to appropriate the blame to.

Noonan plays Tommy Noonan (guess with all that other work, he didn't want the stress of having to learn another name), an out of work actor (if only!) who is hired by

the "three nuts" of the title; Van Doren, Paul Gilbert and John Cronin. All three are suffering from personality disorders - Mamie is a stripper ("Saxie Symbol") who hates men; Gilbert a hate-filled used car salesman; and Cronin a kleptomaniac misogynist. They want treatment from the top psychiatrist in Beverley Hills, Dr Von, but can't afford her \$100 an hour fee, so they each tell Noonan their problems, and pack him off to Dr Von to get three cures for the price of one.

Naturally, Dr Von thinks Noonan is a multiple personality, and arranges a closed-circuit broadcast of his next session to various leading doctors. Through a highly unlikely accident, though, the session is broadcast on TV, making Noonan a celebrity. A movie company buys the rights to the story, making him rich, and he falls in love with Mamie.

**3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT**, on paper, enough going for it to make it at least agreeable entertainment. Unfortunately, it fails miserably. Noonan the producer should have fired Noonan the director, replaced Noonan the star and re-written Noonan the writer's script. The directing is the worst - "flat" seems an inadequate description. The whole movie is both static and shoddy looking. Actors stumble over their lines (and the set), suggesting that second takes were not a part of Noonan's film-making vocabulary. And not only is the direction truly awful, the acting too is definitely uninspired. Mamie Van Doren in particular is spectacularly miscast. We're used to seeing her as a man-eating teenage Bad Girl, or at least a pulsating sex kitten, but here, her character is depressingly bland...would you believe that she's supposed to be a virgin?? She does her best with the part, but it's only during the bump 'n' grind routines that her character "works" in any sense - and these scenes fail because they are so out of character with the rest of the film. What's more, Noonan's pathetic attempts to be some kind of Hollywood sex stud are even more laughable here than usual. While it was just conceivable that the "innocent" dumb blondes portrayed by Monroe and Mansfield might have some maternal attraction to this geek, the idea of Van Doren falling for him is wishful thinking run rampant.

As a less-than-subtle gimmick, the black-and-white **3 NUTS IN SEARCH OF A BOLT** lurches clumsily into colour for a few "risque" scenes - Mamie performing an excruciatingly poor song during the opening and closing credits; Mamie stripping; and - in the film's best known scene - Mamie taking a "beer bath". It was

during the shooting of the latter scene that the famous **PLAYBOY** nude shots of Van Doren were taken, but unlike **PROMISES, PROMISES**, the film itself contains no actual nudity. A pity really, as the much-fantasised-over Mamie mummies are probably the only things that could have salvaged this extremely forgettable movie.

DAVID FLINT

## THE SIN SYNDICATE

Every now and again, a film comes along that is so astonishingly inept, the viewer can do little more than sit watching it with his mouth hanging open in amazement. Such a film is **THE SIN SYNDICATE**.

Subtitled "the story of Zero-Girls", this sub-human effort was an early work from the notorious Roberta Findlay, auteur of less-than-classic slime-ball affairs like **SNUFF** and the trilogy of the late sixties. Here, she turns her twisted attention to the squalid world of prostitution. A bunch of world-weary looking girls recollect their descent into the twilight world of Vice, sparing no seedy detail as they go. This being a grim "roughie", this inevitably includes a liberal smattering of rape, violence and degradation...as well as the expected dose of lesbianism and striptease acts.

If the basic premise of **THE SIN SYNDICATE** is fairly standard though, it's execution is definitely not. This was shot on such a tiny budget, luxuries like synchronised sound were unavailable.



instead, dialogue was dubbed in later. This in itself isn't so rare - Doris Wishman did it in most of her productions. The difference here is the utter ineptness of it. None of the dialogue even vaguely matches the mouth movements of the actors. Often, the cast are seen to speak huge reams while the soundtrack stays silent, while at other times, words are heard coming from tightly closed mouths. It's breath-taking stuff.

The rest of the film's technical qualities are passably average, though the direction and editing are rather on the sloppy side - but then, what would you expect? Nevertheless, with its combination of shoddy production values and reprehensible story, **THE SIN SYNDICATE** is appallingly compulsive. And followers of low taste obscurities will need no further prompting to seek it out.

DAVID FLINT

## LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN

*Nunsplotation: the final frontier!* Well...at least for any rabid sleaze hound. Forget the puerile pleasures of gore and take a trip into the seamy side of Cinema. There's no better flick to surf your way into this scummy sub-genre with than **LOVE LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN**. Subtitled *How God answered one girl who dared to write him a letter*, it's a flick with one hand on its heart and the other firmly on its throbbing member. **THE DEVILS** helped kickstart a slew on Nunsplotation in the seventies, and **LOVE LETTERS...** leads the pack with its no-holds barred sleaze-in-the-raw approach. There's none of the glossy smear that surrounds art on this baby. No sir. It's genuine, untainted and permeated with the odour of Sex.

The plot centres around a plaintive, underdeveloped fifteen year old, Marie (Susan Hemingway), who is taken to the convent by the debauched Father Vincent (William Berger), who despite his plummy elegance is a real piece of work. He's a dude who savours degradation and defilement. Like any other sleazebag in priests clothing he wastes no time in softening up the pitiful Marie, making sure he gets a few jollies before passing her on to his old mate - Satan!

Yep, despite his pious mumblings, the priest, the Mother Superior and the whole goddam abbey are hell-bent on lust and vile behaviour. Within five minutes of her arrival, the skinny pubescent Marie is forced to spread her legs and get her privates ready for inspection. The rest of the Nuns love to see her debased and humiliated - they're a bunch of perverts who get their rocks off defiling, abusing and torturing the pure. After inspection, Marie is quickly shunted off towards the confessional, where good old Father Vincent savours her sins and beats his meat at the same time. He grunts, groans and rocks the chapel with his secular indulgence.

Father Vincent may seem like the prime sleazebag in this Franco flick, but the others help grease poor Marie's route to hell. Pretty soon, they've got her wrapped in barbed wire and are engaging in all sorts of demonic and lesbo activities. Their aim is neat and simple...they want Old Nick to puncture her firm, young, virginal hymen. Surely that's not too much to ask! After a few steamy nights of true pervo activity they get their wish...Lucifer appears, red and rampant, and like any good horny devil, he wastes no time in stoking up the fires of lust.

As you'd expect, all this demonic and hornball activity is just too good to last, and luckily the poor wail is saved by the King, who finds her letter outside the convent walls.

**LOVE LETTERS...** is up there on the altar of Jesus Franco's finest flicks. It has his usual preoccupations with voyeurism, writhing women with steamy twats and a smattering of degradation. It's a film that mixes the pathetic with the humorous. The Nuns may swagger about like gals in prison, getting up to all sorts of indescribable perversions, yet all in all it's a sorry tale...but one that needs to be seen. Amen.

CATHAL TOHILL

## NUDIE CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS # 1 & 2

Since the invention of the movie camera, people have been pointing them at naked girls and making glamour flicks. These days, they're shot on video, and make up the **ELECTRIC BLUE** series and it's various rivals. Back in the thirties, forties and fifties, they were shot on 8mm and drooled over by guys running them through home movie projectors.

As the title suggests, **NUDIE CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS** collects some of these vintage shorts in two historically valuable compilations, each containing around 90 minutes of surprisingly good-conditioned films.

Seen today, these films are more of a curiosity than erotica. Most interesting of them are the series of shorts claiming to be produced for the use of artists who are unable to afford real life models. The amount of pubic hair being displayed is a real shock. Outside of actual hard-core loops, these full-frontal scenes must've been the hottest thing around at the time! Never mind that most of the girls were plain at best (and butt-ugly at worst, although a

few real cuties do crop up) - the 1930's "artists" probably never even looked at the face...

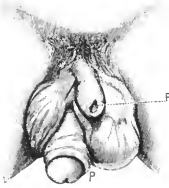
Other films are "pube-free", as you might expect, with the models twisting their bodies into bizarrely un-natural poses to ensure that the camera didn't catch a glimpse of the forbidden areas. A couple (**SUN KISSED BEAUTIES**, for instance) are in colour; locations range from studio sets to the great outdoors, with one series fastidiously bringing us exotic studies of the girls of Bali, Singapore, Tahiti and beyond.

All but one of the films feature innocent, sex-free nudity, with the girls doing little more than undressing, smiling at the camera, and occasionally dancing and prancing with assorted props. One film breaks the mould, though, and plunges into Irving Klaw territory. **LET'S MAKE MARY MOAN** has no nudity - instead, a young lady is tied to a chair and spanked none too convincingly with a paddle. It's pretty tame stuff, but stands out as an oddity in the collection.

These two tapes offer a delightful insight into the steamy world of sex from an age of supposed innocence. If nothing else, it proves that widespread erotic movie entertainment has been around for a lot longer than its opponents would have us believe. Perhaps those people who maintain that life prior to the sixties was free of such material should take a look, and re-educate themselves.

DAVID FLINT

**DR. SEX, TWISTED SEX, THE LAUGHING, LEERING, LAMPOONING LURES OF DAVID F. FRIEDMAN, NUDIE CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS, and THE SIN SYNDICATE can be obtained from SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO, for \$20.00 each. Write to Mike Vraney, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133, USA.**



# THE DIVINE CONFSSIONAL: TRUE STORIES ABOUT SEX

The first time... the worst time... the best time... the *strangest* time... everybody has a sexual story worth repeating. Yet outside of the "reader confessions" found in girlie mags, there seem to be few outlets for telling them. So look at this as being some kind of public service; a confessional of sorts. **DIVINITY** extends a cordial invitation to its readers and writers - tell us your most interesting, most intimate, most awe-inspiring sexual experience, and we'll inform the world.

## "MY FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER"

*Confessions of Jennifer McCreedy*

What? My first sexual encounter as a man or my first time now that I'm a woman? Or does the day I discovered my enthusiasm for red high-heeled shoes constitute a first sexual encounter? If it does, I guess I ought to go right back to where I think it all started: dressing up as Tarzan as an impressionable six year old boy. The exhibitionist in me kind of liked walking around in a jay-cloth. Then again, I wandered around round school's Annual fancy Dress Party as Tarzan, not so much looking for a mate but more a feeling of wanting to be one. I think I fell for seven year old buddy Robin who'd come as Dorothy from **THE WIZARD OF OZ** - confirming most everyone's suspicions that yes, Robin's parents were a little strange. Still, who was I to cast aspersions? Anyway, it's funny how no one likes to see you losing out when you're a kid and, sure enough, when it came to giving out the prizes for the best fancy dress, Mrs Glover the fancy dress judge took it upon herself to suddenly discover a "minimalist category" which I, in naught but my leather loin cloth, won hands down.

Mrs Glover was pretty much nondescript as a headmistress, but at the award ceremony as she handed over the Dinky cast iron car, I was suddenly overwhelmed with gratitude... and the shiny red high-heeled shoes she was wearing. Was this the same Mrs Glover who had shouted at me earlier in the day for running down the corridor? Perhaps it was the shock of seeing my headmistress as something other than a - well - headmistress that fascinated me so, but then again I think it was probably more to do with the fact that her shoes looked more fun to play with than the Volkswagen Beetle I'd just won.

Some years later I took to snipping red shoes out of catalogues and off the models in magazines. I never thought twice about my nefarious activities or why it stimulated me so, collecting certain types of footwear apparel. No, it didn't seem weird at the time, not until that last day of term before the Summer break, when the teacher invited the class to bring in a game to play. Everyone else brought in their table footballs and Lego, while I brought in my Red Shoes Scrapbook. I sort of knew there was something amiss after that, but it didn't stop me collecting - I just took more care to keep it a secret, that's all. In fact I began to take to doing a lot of things in secret... you know how it is when you're that age. I began to imagine I was a secret agent on a secret mission, or a fire engine driver, or an astronaut lost on some distant planet - all in red shoes. I painted my bare feet in red poster paint and tippy-toed around the house in my imaginary high-heels adventures. The first girl I ever went out with I bought a pair of red shoes, which surprised her as it was only our second date. The first time we ever made it together, I insisted that she keep her feet where I could see them - not easy in the back of a Volkswagen Beetle on a moonless night. The second time we made it, I wore the shoes; they pinched a little, but so what. I never did see her again after that.

## "MY FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER"

*Confessions of Ric Novak*

It was during the school holidays in that long hot summer of 1976 that it happened. I was a schoolkid. At that age, you don't really know too much about sex... at least, I didn't. Oh, sure, I thought I knew how it was done - the man lies on top of a woman and thrusts up and down - but I still hadn't seen any female genitalia... I only had a vague idea about what went where... and my wet dreams weren't too wet. So I was pretty much unprepared for that lay ahead.

Her name was Carol. She was a couple of years older than me and she was a neighbour, living just around the corner from me. She had shoulder length blonde hair, hanging straight as was the fashion in the mid '70s, and reasonably well developed tits - they seemed pretty impressive to me at the time, anyway. The local kids hung around together, as local

kids invariably do, so I knew her fairly well.

With the sun beating down mercilessly - and by this time, the joy of warm summer had turned into paranoia about never seeing rain again - I spent most of the day outside. Usually, I'd be hanging around with various schoolfriends, but on this particular day, I was playing football alone when Carol came over. After talking awhile, she suggested that we went to her house, as it was really too hot for playing outside.

There was nobody else home - her parents were at work, and her younger sister was at a friends. We went up to her bedroom, and sat on the bed. This in itself wasn't so unusual. When you're a kid, if you go to a friend's house, you invariably head straight for their own private territory, which of course means the bedroom. After a few minutes, she nipped out to her parents bedroom, returning with a rolled-up magazine. The magazine was **MEN ONLY**. Even in my youthful innocence, I knew what it was. A dirty book! I had seen 'dirty books' before, when I'd found a few duded on some local waste-ground, but they'd been old 1960s affairs, with the public hair airbrushed out, giving the impression that women had nothing between their legs. **MEN ONLY** was different. I stared in amazement at the colour shots of naked women spread-eagled. And I got a hard-on. But better was to come.

Carol, doubtless aware of my excitement, started making comments about the women in the magazine - "do you fancy her? Would you like to shag with her?" Then it came: "have you ever felt anyone's tits?" she asked. Lump in throat, I said no. Quick as a flash, she had my hand pressed against her left breast. I could hardly believe it. She then asked if I wanted to see them - what a dumb question. Of course I did! My throat was too dry for me to do much more than croak my approval, so I nodded instead. Off came her T-shirt and bra... and there they were, staring me in the face - not black and white Page 3 photos, but the *real thing*! I sat, horny as hell, not quite knowing what to do next. Carol knew, and once again placed my hand on her breast, holding her own hand over mine and manipulating it in the desired manner. Soon I was squeezing both. After a couple of minutes, she said, "now show me your willy". Sensing a certain hesitancy, she added, "if you show me your willy, I'll show you my fanny". She reached down and unfastened my trousers, tugging them down so quickly that I barely had time to object even if I wanted to. In a moment, my cock was exposed. She pulled off her jeans and



knickers, and lay back on the bed, her legs opened in imitation of the girls in the magazine. My cock felt as though it was going to burst. She pulled me over and told me to fuck her. I lay on top of her, unsure of what to do, until her hand grabbed my penis and pushed it rather quickly into her. It didn't last too long, and wasn't exactly graceful, but it felt sensational.

We never fucked again. Shortly after going back to school, she got herself a boyfriend, and so stopped hanging around with the local kids. Less than a year later, her family moved, and I never saw her again.

The oddest "sexual" experience I've ever had was when I was working on that rag of a few years back, **NETWORK VIDEO**. Naming no names (*she knows who she is!*) one of the female staff (in fact, the only female on the staff) said I could sleep with her if I gave her my set of stills from **ALIEN**. Daft bitch! If I wanted to pay for sex I think I'd be better off with a hooker!

NC - Typesetting

Eager to meet other morally bankrupt individuals? Then send your details along to **DIVINE PRESS**, and we'll publish them in our completely **FREE** Contacts Section. Yes, you can meet that extra-special man, woman or transsexual for whatever unsavoury purpose you might desire. Naturally, we reserve the right to dump any ads that we consider to be legally questionable or otherwise too offensive for our delicate sensibilities, and all advertisers must state that they are over the legal age of consent!

Tired of wasting your time advertising in magazines read only by losers? Then why not promote your products and services in **DIVINITY**? It's a cost-effective way of making yourself known to an eager market of would-be consumers with money to burn. For advertising rates, please write to Divine Press.

**CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING:** If you're a private individual, then you can take a 30 word advert in **DIVINITY** for the outrageously cheap price of just £2.50/\$5.00. Additional words cost 25p each. Trade classifieds are available, at double the private rate.

## LA POLOZIOTTA

by Giuseppe Priolo

This Italian comic book first appeared in 1979 from publishers Edifumetto, and edited by P. Becarelli. **LA POLIZIOTTA** is one of my favourite series produced by this soft-porn publisher, being equally as good as their rather more successful **LA DOTTORESSA**; and despite their rather basic style, these two have now surpassed the famed sado-erotic comics like **LA PROFESSIONISTA**, **LA TEXANA**, **LA MILIARDARIA** and **LA PORNOSTAR** in terms of both quality and popularity.

**LA POLIZIOTTA** details the adventures of Policewoman Star, a comely young girl who's tightly-fitting uniform barely contains her enormous breasts. Her simple task is to punish crime - but, with this being an Italian porno comic-book, Star is somehow always coming into contact with sexually frustrated maniacs.

Star seems to be inspired by - and in competition with - the actresses who appeared in the "spaghetti-porno" cinema that flooded out of Italy in the early Seventies; cult movie sex goddesses like Carmen Russo, Edwige Fenech and Gloria Guida are definitely here in spirit. The characterisation is blatantly similar: the cute, innocent-looking young policewoman is always interested in sex, and her regular amorous adventures always take place with with her constantly excited boyfriend, who is endowed with a unfeasibly large penis...

On the whole, **LA POLIZIOTTA** is a neat little Italian comic, in its heyday one of the best of its type. Sadly, it's somewhat fallen in rank recently, but it's still well worth collecting for its nice, if somewhat raw, illustrations.





I hate compact discs. Call me a luddite if you must, but these antiseptic laser discs strike me as being little more than a massive hype by major record labels. Small, ugly and unimpressive looking, the "CD" is the scourge of modern life, with none of the emotional pull that made buying a record so much more than an act of simple consumerism for many people. Let's destroy a few myths - CD's are *not* indestructible, and they *don't* sound better than vinyl. They *are*, however, one of the reasons we have bands like Dire Straits dominating the music scene. CD's appeal to social inadequates who are more concerned about the format than the music contained. What are these losers going to do when new technology makes the CD redundant?

Yeah, I hate compact discs, and it's with a heavy heart and a bitter taste in my mouth that I realise I'll almost certainly have to buy a CD player before you read this....

Part of the problem with CD's is the obsession people develop with "sound quality", which seems to take precedence over how good the actual *music* is. CD's have helped the spread of yuppie-aimed, bland, "nice" music.

Music shouldn't be nice. By that, I don't mean that music should be unpleasant to listen to, but simply that it shouldn't offer encouragement or hope to those individuals who want so desperately to believe that life is a bed of roses. It should be confrontational, not comforting, and leave the listener at least mildly disturbed, if not emotionally shattered. We should do our utmost to discourage and destroy the hideously happy music that gives false solace to a society on the verge of collapse.

Meanwhile, here's a quick run through of some of the more interesting records to come my way in the last couple of months.

To kick off with, we have the latest opus from those merry Swiss pranksters The Young Gods, **T.V. SKY** (Play It Again Sam Records). This is the first album to have leader Franz Treichler sing in English, and sees a move towards a more psychedelic/metal approach by the band. There's a twenty minute epic (**SUMMER EYES**) to close the album, though don't let that put you off - it's possibly the best thing on the whole record, giving the band room to experiment with sound and style while still maintaining the relatively "commercial" feel (at least as commercial as a twenty minute track can be!) of the disc as a whole. As for the rest of **T.V. SKY** -



## the YOUNG GODS

PLAY IT AGAIN SAM RECORDS  
photo: TOBAN J.A. 1992

well, it's rather good. Tracks like **GASOLINE MAN** and the single **SKINFLOWER** have a surprisingly commercial edge to them, without losing whatever quality it was that made the band so interesting to begin with.

I've always had a soft spot for the early industrial rackets created by Swans, so **BODY TO BODY, JOB TO JOB** (Young Gods Records) was welcome indeed. It's a damn fine collection of rare recordings - live material from CBGB's recorded on both 16 track and cassette, and studio outtakes - dating from 1982 to 1985. It's brutally raw, loud, savage and harsh, just the way it should be; the cassette recordings have an authentic "bootleg" feel than enhances the intensity of the music even further. Swans were doing this stuff while many of the modern industrial noise merchants were still at school, so this retrospective glare is pretty essential for anyone even vaguely interested in dangerous noise.

The latest 7" offering from Splintered is a splendid 3-track affair. **LINK, CANDLESKIN** and **HEAD WOUND** (Dying Earth Records) are all deliciously cacophonous mix of shrieking guitars and relentless rhythms, from which there is virtually no escape. And quite right too. As you might expect, Splintered's output works best when listened to at an almost unbearably loud volume. Any further recommendation required? Well, it's pressed on rather tasty translucent yellow

vinyl. What's more, this one is a limited edition of 500, so get your skates on if you want to avoid that disappointed feeling.

On the cassette front, we have **PREY** from Texan band Taint. Don't expect any ZZ Top style Texan boogie from these boys, though. Rather, the tape is full of uncompromisingly harsh industrial noise...a vicious onslaught of high-pitched guitar and murky rumbling. Bearing that in mind, Taint's music has a strangely soothing feel to it - though I suspect that a few listeners might disagree with me there. Bowel-opening stuff, nonetheless, which is a recommendation of sorts, I'm sure. potential listeners should contact the band at P.O. Box 7150, Waco, TX 76714, USA enclosing \$5 in the US and \$7 everywhere else.

From noisy men to Angry Women. The latest project to come from Lydia Lunch is a collaboration with Rowland S. Howard, and it's another masterpiece. **SIOTGUN WEDDING** (UFO Records) is possibly Lydia's most "accessible" album so far, but don't let that put you off; we're not talking Pete Waterman production values here. Rather, the music here is tunelessly aggressive...or should that be aggressively tuneless? Whatever, Lydia's vocals combine with Howard's mean guitar playing to create nine solidly good ditties, including covers of Led Zeppelin's **IN MY TIME OF DYING** and Alice Cooper's spooky **BLACK JUJU**. The lyrics to the original

songs are still as dark and brooding as you'd hope for from Ms. Lunch, thank God, but you could almost imagine this album achieving some level of popularity if given the airplay and distribution needed. In dreams, perhaps...

Karen Finley's latest recording, **TALES OF TABOO** (Pow Wow Art International) also has a commercial chance musically, being a superior dance track. However, the sleeve warns of "shocking lyrics", and it's not just hype. This 12 inch single contains four separate mixes of the same track (one an instrumental, which seems rather pointless, and another an acapella version), and normally, I'd dismiss such a disc as a blatant rip-off. But in this case, it's worth accepting that you'll be paying a large wad of cash for one song. For five stunning minutes, Karen rants and rages, using the most explicit sexual language imaginable. The whole piece is a "fighting fire with fire" attack on male sexual attitudes and fantasies, with much reference to getting "fucked in the ass", cock-sucking, piss drinking and so on, with Finley alternatively taunting the (male) listener with sexual offers and mocking his sexual demands and inadequacies. It's certainly *not* comforting listening! At least Finley shows that she has a sense of humour though, labelling the opening version of the track the "radio mix".

And now for something completely different. After all that nasty, loud, disturbing music, how about some nice, quiet, disturbing music? Tori Amos has been saddled with the less-than-helpful label "the new Kate Bush", and given much attention in Boring Music magazines like Q, but don't let that put you off checking out her album **LITTLE EARTHQUAKES** (East/West). The only real connection with Kate Bush (other than the obvious "rather fab female singer/songwriter" one) is an ability to appeal to the bland Thirty-Something crowd without losing her integrity - and therefore credibility - as an Artist. Getting too pompous here? OK - Tori Amos writes songs that are every bit as bleak and unsettling as those spat out by the artists covered earlier, and shouldn't be dismissed just because they don't have the backing of psychotic screaming guitars. They cover alienation, death, sexual insecurity, sexual violence...the whole bag. Lyrics like "so you can make me cum, that doesn't make you Jesus" or "I don't believe you're leaving cause me and Charles Manson like the same ice cream" don't fit so smoothly with your typical yuppiefied images....

A little noisier (and therefore more acceptable to those of you still reeling from

the shock of Tori Amos even being mentioned in **DIVINITY**, let alone raved about) are Lush, and their latest offering, **SPOOKY** (4AD) is a generally splendid offering. It seems that you either like Lush's blend of soft, ethereal female vocals and jangly, crashing guitars, or you don't. Me, I'm rather partial to it, though I tend to prefer the more aggressive Curve, and can't help thinking that all their songs tend to blend into one in the memory - which is why I'm not picking any individual titles out for special mention. Nevertheless, **SPOOKY** is easy listening in the acceptable sense of the term, and is well worth owning. And if, like me, you can't resist a good marketing gimmick, you'll want to buy the 10 inch double album version...unless you're a CD drone, in which case it's tough shit.

And speaking of CD's - I'm unable to make a positive report on the quality of The Halfer Trio's **MASTURBATORIUM** (Touch Tone), as it's only available on that dreaded format. The music is the "soundtrack" to Annie Sprinkle's live performance, is well packaged (under the circumstances), and is, I'm assured, very good indeed. No doubt next issue, I'll be in the unfortunate position of being able to confirm or deny this claim.

#### DAVID FLINT

Following on the heels of last year's excellent **MAXIMUM MONEY MONSTER** CD, available thru Pathological Recs., comes Tokyo's Zeni Geva's latest release, **TOTAL CASTRATION** (Public Bath).

Featuring the multi-talented Kazuyuki K. Null, whose gtr-scapes and murderous vocal chores provide the basis for ZG, and a couple of his ex-punked out pals, **TOTAL CASTRATION** is every bit the bastardised sonic headfuck the title should suggest.

Tracks such as **I HATE YOU**, **GODFLESH** and **SHOOT ME WITH YOUR BLOOD** are a brutal ride over obsidian terrain, rivers of contorted body fluids and aural effluent. Corpulent layers of static gtr surges and deadly shades of unadulterated rhythm mutilations breathe fiery life thru a keen Steve Albini co-production. And, from the opening **I WANT YOU** onwards, the acerbic tones are set. Fuck, writhing black-hole noise and relentless lessons in repetition don't often arrive as succulent as *this*, these days. Believe me, I know...

Now, who's going to continue singing the praises of America's countless leagues of redundant ex-innovators when we've shit as great as Zeni Geva punching out to the surface, huh?

**TOTAL CASTRATION** could even be the alternative soundtrack to **TETSUO**...and *that's*, in my book, an A1 recommendation.

Available thru Fourth Dimension for £10 (ppd.): P.O. Box 63, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 6YU (chqs etc payable to Fourth Dimension. Allow 28 days for delivery).

Skin Chamber are Controlled Bleeding's side-project who are intent on returning to the primaevial sludge from whence they originally crawled from, about a decade ago. And, unlike Controlled Bleeding's own clinically precise forays into an electronically weaved **Hell, WOUND** (Roadracer) makes for a more organic and visceral trip towards total destruction.

Admittedly, Skin Chamber's torturous pounding and semi-grind delivery owes much to both Swans and Godflesh but a slanted sense of dynamics stamps their own mark within the genre. It's, furthermore, a welcome addition, too...

Rake's **MOTORCYCLE SHOES** (L Records) 7" E.P. is a sinister and instantly enticing mass of gtr sprawl that barely seems sewn to the same direction of both the demi-buried drums and smudged vocal sneers. But, shit, who cares? When yr fix of six-string ring penetration is as poignant as this, you have to relent.

A great second single encompassed in equally wonderful packaging, lilac wax and strictly elitist and limited import-only format for fucken collector-scum. Essential.

Send \$5 to P.O. Box 7365, Fairfax Stn, VA 22039, USA.

Unsane's eponymous LP (City Slang) is the long-awaited debut album w/more than enough gtr abuse to chew on. Ugly, bloated and cracked by a seething stream of beautiful noise, NY's Unsane know *exactly* how to aim their blows. For want of a less ill-fitting description, grunge rarely screams this near the edge of vom-flecked dementia...

If rock must stand proud in the nineties, then it's got to be as loud and, ultimately, feral as the offerings on show here. **ORGAN DONOR**, **MAGGOT** and **WHITE LIAND** are all you could possibly expect from a band seemingly raised on scum and fetid rat-piles.

The front sleeve shot of a decapitated suicide victim says it all. This album pisses on the half-baked contenders.

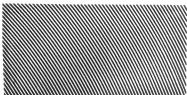
The hypno-blask of Whorl's debut single, **MIND REVOLUTION**, is leaning proudly against the opposite pole of this somewhat more settled follow-up 7", **MAYBE IT'S BETTER** (Slumberland). This time, Whorl glisten w/a stirring Wire/early New Order flavour which,

thankfully, survives for its insistent gtr and prog-punk-ish hooks. Quite a remarkable "pop" gem, actually...and I'm not kidding. Available from: Box 2741, College Park, MD 20740, USA.

**RICHO GRIM**

The Emil Beaulieu/Merzbow **CHICAGO PERFORMANCE LP** (RRRecords) is the soundwork recorded by Ron Lessard and Japan's Merzbow that took place in Chicago on 30th September 1990 at The Edge of the Looking Glass - though none of this information is given on the record. In fact, this LP is only one sided and there is no distinction between either artist. And it doesn't matter. Emil Beaulieu and Merzbow go hand in hand. Nothing but intense noise; scraping metal, feedback, tapes and electronics. Just fucking grinding noise! This album is a must, as is any project with Merzbow's involvement (for more live Merzbow, check out **GREAT AMERICAN NUDE/CRA\$H FOR HIFI** on Alchemy Records, which contains the live soundwork from his 1990 American tour). Write to RRRecords, 151 Paige St, Lowell, MA 01852, USA for more information.

**K. BREWER/TAINT**



## THE EGG MARKET

by David Flint

It stands at the end of Stockport's market, a monolithic monster acting as a monument to despair: The Egg Market. Since the beginning of time (or so it seems), it has been unchanged. Its stone face and arch-entrance sit waiting, mocking. The Egg Market knows that it will get you in the end, and it can wait for as long as it takes.

The Egg Market acts as a mecca for the elderly. It's a graveyard for the not-quite-dead, an Elephant's Graveyard for the human race. Within its cold stone walls, the dying generation pushes and shoves its way to the final resting place. After The Egg Market, what else is there?

The stalls inside The Egg Market sell more than eggs. There's cheese, meat, even cakes, alongside a full range of dairy produce. All is served - as it has been since time began - amongst what must be, by their very nature, the most unsanitary conditions possible. But this is no criticism - the produce Natural with a capital 'N', even when factory-farmed. Why should we complain simply because it has no guarantees, no sell-by dates, no manufacturer to sue when you catch listeria? If you want the easy option, go to Asda.

The patrons of The Egg Market don't want the easy option. They want tradition. They don't trust modern methods, with the antiseptic cleanliness and fancy packaging of the supermarket. They prefer the comforting welcome of The Egg Market, where things haven't changed since they were children. The Egg Market watched them grow, and now it is claiming its prize.

The doorway to The Egg Market is a vast opening, ready to suck in any passerby - if you want to go into the town centre from the market, you have no choice but to cross its path. Just inside the entrance is a café, normally crammed with fierce-looking individuals; market traders. Men awaiting the return of their Women. They sit, sprawled across the creaky wooden chair, half-smoked cigarette in hand, casually flicking the ash onto the stone floor below as they drink their strong coffee. So it is, so shall it always be. Facing this outpost is an antiquated set of huge red scales, seemingly used only to divert children while they hang around waiting for Mum and Dad to return with the week's supplies. Hanging around here also are the men who are not Man enough to sit in the café, or who confidently - or foolishly - believe that their wives will "only be a minute or two". Also hanging

around are the Nutters, for whom The Egg Market also works as a magnet. These poor devils are as much a victim of The Egg Market as the shoppers. They are forced to pay weekly homage, and they will do so until they die.

The women - and it is almost entirely women - who shop in The Egg Market throw courtesy to the wind when they enter the scrum that us the crowd. There is no room for sentiment, as you need to push and shove with all your might simply to move along the narrow aisle. The Egg Market has one aisle, in the form of a U-turn, and there is only one direction that you can move in. To try otherwise would be unthinkable. And while there are no records showing a death at The Egg Market, it seems unlikely that there have been no fatalities over the years.

The Egg Market is dimly lit, like a warehouse, or a dungeon. Its walls, undecorated save for a few lieks of sickly coloured and peeling paint, offer no warmth. The mass of bodies that shuffle restlessly around it create a deafening hubbub. The Egg Market resembles nothing so much as a particularly squalid factory farm - overcrowded, unhygienic, inhumane. It's like a slaughterhouse, with the sheep heading blindly towards oblivion.

Perhaps the most disturbing aspect of The Egg Market is the knowledge that there is no escape. Even if I move to another town, to another country. There are Egg Markets everywhere, eagerly swallowing up the last remnants of yesterday's men and women. You can't escape them, because they are eternal, and they will wait until the end of time in order to claim you.



So...what's new? What's hot and what's not? For those of you keen to have instant access to the chaotic world of 1992 sub-culture, read on.....

## P R I N T

One name that's guaranteed to blow all opposition out of the water when it comes to publishing is Re/Search. This San Francisco based publisher has produced some of the most essential studies of modern cultural excess available. Their seminal volume **INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS** played a major role in not only bringing Re/Search to the attention of a wide audience, but also in promoting interest in bizarre cinema, to the extent that Jonathan Ross "borrowed" the name for his acclaimed series on cult directors. More recently, **MODERN PRIMITIVES** shocked and stunned unprepared readers with its uncompromising studies of physical modification - so much so that it found itself in court on an obscenity charge in England (it won the case, thankfully and is now fairly easily available once again). The latest Re/Search volume is **ANGRY WOMEN**, and once more proves to be essential reading. As the title suggests, it deals with female performance artists, ranging from well known names like Lydia Lunch, Karen Finley, Annie Sprinkle and Diamanda Galas through to lesser known artists like Avital Ronell, Carolee Schneemann and Valie Export. As usual, the interviews (mainly done here by Andrea Juno) are sharp, frank, revelatory and contentious; men don't come out of this book looking too good, it must be said, as the women discuss everything from abortion rights, racism and lesbian activism to spanking, dildoes and pornography...and a few of the interviewees seem to hold to the bizarre idea that the best way of combatting sexism is to blame men for everything, which seems both misguided and regressive. But that said, on the whole there's little blatant misanthropy on display; rather, it's just frustration at the state of modern society. As with all the Re/Search projects, it's beautifully presented study of out-of-mainstream life, and is an essential part of any sub-culturist's library.

If you want a magazine that's at the cutting edge of erotica, look no further than **DEMONIA**. This French language publication is astounding. Its 148 digest sized pages contain a dazzling array of primarily fetishistic material. Far more than just a stroke book, it combines sexy photo spreads with lengthy features on the international sex scene, and puts its

uninspired British rivals to shame. Issue 13 contains an explicit comic strip by (and interview with) British porn/star/erotic artist Paula Meadows, the photos of Thomas Glover, a piece on the wild looking SM club Kasteel Waterloo, US spanking specialists Shadow Lane, porno movie reviews, and much more. Truly stunning. My limited grasp of French tells me that this will set you back a mere 250 Francs for 6 issues, from Comedit Demonica, 15 cite Joly, 75011 Paris, France.

The gap between fanzines and "real" magazines is narrower than ever these days. The only obvious difference quite often is that fanzines are good and prozines aren't - particularly in the case of music and horror movie publications. But such labels are an irrelevance. What about the facts? Well, let's take **GRIM HUMOUR** vol.II no.1. The first 500 copies of this thick, slick organ came with a free 7", though those are long since gone; make sure you order the next one straight away. The magazine itself runs interviews with Lydia Lunch, God Bullies, Tom Vague etc, articles on John Waters, Richard Kern, **LUCIFER RISING** and a whole glut of record, book and movie reviews. Costs are £1.50 without vinyl, £2.50 with, from P.O. Box 63, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 6YU.

At the other extreme comes **A TASTE OF BILE**, a xeroxed slime-fest that drools over assorted atrocities for 12 pages. Issue 10 contains such delights as the ultra sick oriental shocker **IJJO NO IJARAMATA**, **NEKROMANTIK 2**, **MAN BEHIND THE SUN** and assorted sleazy sex films, as well as a report on the work of Hermann Nitsch. Contact P.O. Box 7150, Waco, TX 76714, USA for more details.

Sitting somewhere between these two in style is Craig Ledbetter's **EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA**, which now reaches vol. 2 no. 4. This one has interviews with goremeister Lucio Fulci (which sadly doesn't ask him "why have you gone so crap?") and **TORSO** director Sergio Martino, profiles Euro-stars Edwige Fenech and Soledad Miranda, and reviews **PIANTASMES**, **THE EMBALMER**, **PORNO HOLOCAUST** and (once again) **NEKROMANTIK 2** amongst others. Craig promises that from the next issue, ETC will be a full size, colour covered affair, with a 4 issue sub available for \$15. He also promises **ASIAN TRASH CINEMA** (no prizes for guessing the content of that!), with subs at the same price. Alternatively, you can subscribe to both for just \$25. Sounds like a bargain to me. Prices are double outside the United States and Canada. Write to Craig Ledbetter, P.O. Box 5367, Kingwood, TX

77325, USA.

Since I produced **SINS OF THE FLESH** last year, there have been a few other adult compilations appearing on the market. The best yet is **XEROMORPHIC**, a four part romp through the crazy world of low budget trash-film promotion. The first parts cover a number of the more bizarre stunts thought up by the enterprising showmen of yesteryear to part the suckers from their cash; whether it's promotional material aimed at drive-in managers, or the promise that patrons will see "in person...Satan's daughter...buried alive clad only in a bikini", win "a real live baby" or get to see a girl's head "chopped right off" by Dr. Evil and his Terrors of the Unknown, you can't help but feel cheated at never having had the opportunity to be conned in such grandiose style. The first couple of segments also contain a pretty full history of the promotion of legendary "birth of a baby" classic **MOM AND DAD**, which in itself is essential reading.

Parts three and four enter more familiar, though no less interesting territory. Part three covers the "nudie-cutie" phenomenon, while part four uncovers assorted "roughies", "ghoulies" and "kinkies", including many that remain both unseen and unknown today. The whole set is pretty essential for fans of low class cinema, and are available from Terrance Jennings Wharton, P.O. Box 481, Lancaster, Ohio 43130, USA; \$20 should cover the costs, though Euro-readers ought to add a few more bucks postage.

Back in the UK, **PIGMEAT** is the moniker for yet another new horror film fanzine. It's frankly beyond me why anyone would dream of entering this already overcrowded field, but bearing that in mind, this is no worse than many of its rivals. On the down side are features on Freddy Krueger (yawn), Thomas Harris films, a misguided "analysis" of mondo movies and a dire comic strip about Muriel Gray (honestly!), all of which threaten to sink the thing immediately. There does seem to be a degree of intelligence and originality here, though, and if the editors forget about trying to include material that they think the reader wants, they might just be able to make a go of it. It's £1.50 from Mark Forrest, 63 Cowdray Way, Hornchurch, Essex, RM12 4AX.

The British video scene is still pretty dire when compared to its counterparts in the States and much of Europe, but at least a number of labels have finally realised that the "sell-through" market is an entirely different animal to the sheep who trot to their local rental shop to hire the latest brain-dead blockbuster. Subsequently, a number of "cult" titles have emerged over the last few years, and now more and more "special editions" are appearing. This might be nothing more than a simple marketing gimmick, but we shouldn't scoff if it leads to better presentation and packaging of movies. A case in point is the recent re-release of Luc Besson's **THE BIG BLUE**. It's marvellous to see the film in its full length form (almost 50 minutes longer than the previous UK release), and in the

widescreen format too. The over-sized box and free booklet are simply the icing on the cake, emphasising the fact that this is somehow superior to your run-of-the-mill tape. Let's hope it continues - maybe with the 177 minute version of **BETTY BLUE** that's just emerged in France...

It's good to see old - and not so old - TV favourites emerging on tape too. The box office success of **THE ADDAMS FAMILY** movie has paved the way for a wholesale resurrection of the series that for years has been unfairly overlooked in favour of the vastly inferior **THE MUNSTERS**. Now, three tapes worth of classic weird humour are available, and those people without satellite TV can once again savour the crazed delights of this wonderful show.

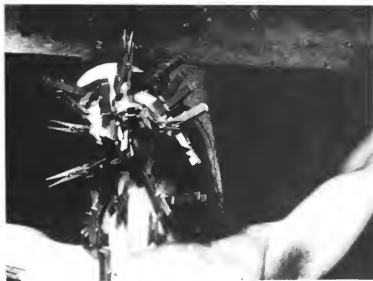
More recent strange behaviour came in the form of David Lynch's **TWIN PEAKS**,

and now the series is out on tape. But there's a slight problem here (and it's not just the dreadful packaging). The original 90 minute pilot episode is *not* included, on the basis that it was previously released by Warner Home Video. But that version was a specially re-worked version specifically for European video release, and features a new "explanatory" ending. So the video viewer is faced with the prospect of watching a mystery series where the mystery is revealed after one episode. Brilliant. It just goes to show that the video industry still has a long way to go before people stop thinking that it's run by a bunch of fuckheads.

The "sex education" video explosion continues at full throttle. Just out are **MAKING LOVE** from the UK and **BETTER SEX** from the US, which line up alongside **THE LOVERS GUIDE** and a couple of American-made **PLAYBOY** releases - not to mention the **LOVING BETTER** series and the two **LANGUAGE OF LOVE** movies released a few years ago - as being the only legally available hard-core porn in Britain. Maybe it's being a little hopeful to suggest that these tapes might be signalling the beginning of the end of sex censorship in the UK, but it's going to be increasingly hard for the BBFC to continue to justify the banning of hard-core and cutting of soft-core while passing these tapes. It's not even as if the public are against it - after all, **THE LOVERS GUIDE** has sold over 300,000 copies in a few months...and it's pretty certain that they weren't *all* being bought for educational purposes. What's more, the cinema release of a virtually uncut **AI NO CORRIDA**, complete with hard-core sex and hard-gore violence, has opened up a precedent for claims of "artistic integrity". The shackles might not exactly be off, but they have been loosened....

**THE SOLIPSIST**, **STATIONS OF THE CROSS** and **EGMOND GHOST POEM** are three short films from DIVINITY correspondent Ian Kerkhof. **THE SOLIPSIST** combines cut-up footage from **INVASION OF THE BODYSNATCHERS** and anonymous hard-core penetration with bizarre masturbatory and mutilation action, while the latter two are slide-show studies, **STATIONS OF THE CROSS** involving various sado-masochistic religious blasphemy images that should please every transgressive viewer no end. These (and possibly other) Kerkhof films are soon to be released in Holland as a limited edition video, and hopefully we'll have full reviews and mail-order details next time.





STATIONS OF THE CROSS

Meanwhile, his first feature length production, **KYODAI MAKES THE BIG TIME**, has created a stir at the Rotterdam Film Festival. To quote Ian: "It was sold out, but only half of them made it to the end...some people literally ran out, and many started booing and screaming their irritation. This provoked those who stayed of course and afterwards there were heated debates." There's no news of **KYODAI** appearing on video yet, but we're looking into the possibility of giving the film a showing somewhere in the UK sometime. Again, more on this next issue.

## F I L M

The hottest cinema release of the Spring is David Cronenberg's long-awaited version of William Burroughs' **NAKED LUNCH**. Cronenberg has been quoted in the past as saying that the novel would cost a fortune to film, be five hours long, and banned everywhere, so it'll be interesting to see how he's got around these problems. Still, if anyone could translate Burroughs' bizarre tale to the screen, then he's certainly the man to do it. Peter Weller stars as Bill B. himself (under the name Bill Lee). Don't miss this one!

## M A I L

I don't know about you, but I love to get mail. A pile of letters behind the door

ensures a good day; a day without mail leads to irritation and depression. Of course, much of the post received is pretty dull - junk mail, etc, and so to ensure that our postal supplies are regularly enthralling, we have to delve into the wild world of mail order madness. Mandrake Distribution sent along their latest catalogue for perusal, and very interesting it is too. Contained within it are various Mandrake publications like **THE BOOKS OF THE BEAST**, **SICKERT AND THE RIPPER CRIMES** and **SEXUAL MAGIC**, along with a number of other works dealing with the occult, sex, surrealism, tantra and beyond. If it sounds like your brand of poison, write to Mandrake Distribution, P.O. Box 250, Oxford, OX1 1AP.



Rather more dangerous in both content and intent is **THE ARCHIVES OF AESTHETIC NIHILISM** catalogue, a socially deviant collection of material that polite society does its best to avoid. Whether your particular fetish is Manson, Satan, Nazi propaganda or simply good old mass murder, chances are you'll find something capable of distressing your family with here. And you have a choice of addresses to contact Aes-Nihil Productions at: either P.O. Box 93982, Hollywood, CA 90093, USA or P.O. Box 613, Reseda, CA 91337, USA.

It should be noted that any general enquiries made to anybody mentioned in this edition of **DIVINITY** (and indeed anywhere else) should always be accompanied by a SAE/IRC.



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## SHEER FILTH BACK ISSUES

If you haven't checked out **SHEER FILTH** before, now's the time to start. A few editions of Britain's premier sleaze fanzine are available from **DIVINE PRESS**. You can still obtain issues 4, 7, 8 and 9, for just £1.00 each (US\$2.00 outside Europe). These are all that remain, and won't be re-printed!

SE4 - No.4: Irving Klaw, **CARRY ON FILMS**, Jayne Mansfield, **NIGHT DREAMS**, porno cinemas, etc

SE7 - No.7: Tuppy Owens, Betty Page, **SALON KIDDY**, Robert Bresson, **KIDNAP WITH A WHIP**, Death Disco, etc.

SE8 - No.8: David F. Friedman, H.G. Lewis, Ciociolina, **BIG TOP PEE WEE**, Coil, **DEVIL IN MISS JONES**, etc

SE9 - No.9: Ari Rousimoff, **UROTSUKIDOUJI**, Bi Wood festival, Archaos, **LA RELIGIEUSE**, etc

"With news, reviews and features covering all those titles you thought were just made up, **SHEER FILTH** appears to be an indispensable guide to under-the-bedclothes video viewing"

SKIN TWO

"...one of the rare filmzines that writes eloquently & intelligently on all manner of seedy media flotsam...future issues shouldn't be missed"

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